

COMMENT OF THE DAY

"L" Licences

It looks as if the Traffic authorities let an unexpectedly formidable genie out of the bottle when they relaxed regulations governing the issue of learner licences. The queues of applicants have dwindled from 2,000 to 500 a day. That's not much comfort when a simple calculation shows that about 8,000 people have applied for licences since the end of last month. And despite Traffic Office appeals to the public that there is no hurry, the queues are not getting much shorter. Nobody can say how much longer this state of affairs is going to continue. In six months' time the bulk of these people will be going for tests. And presumably since the Traffic authorities have been so democratic as to waive restrictions, no discriminations will be made when the time comes. The man who needs a car urgently for business reasons will have to take his turn with the spiv who wants to make a quick dollar trying to teach other people. Certainly cars were not made just for one or two classes of people but at the same time it is absurd to turn order into chaos—and that's the trend on our roads already. Does the Traffic Office realise how dangerous the roads are going to be when this sudden influx of new drivers pass their tests? Of course, not all are going to buy new cars but during next year there will undoubtedly be quite a large increase in the number of vehicles in the Colony. Even now, the procession of jangling, jumping, shuddering, starting, stopping, backing, stalling "L" plate cars has reached quite surprising proportions in the early mornings and evenings. This new licensing policy will probably lead to more traffic jams on the London scale. Include Hongkong's traffic-conscious pedestrians in that situation and it doesn't need much imagination to visualise the anarchy. And what about those individuals who want driving licences so that they can become instructors—what kind of tuition are they going to give Hongkong's new learners? Surely that work should be the responsibility of someone with at least a few years' experience, who knows something about roadcraft as well as the technique of driving and how a car engine works. It would be in the public interest if the authorities tightened up regulations again to cut down the flow of applicants. Otherwise they are going to confer a first-class traffic problem on Hongkong.

STRIKE LATEST:

Charlie Chaplin's Problem

London, Oct. 15. Charlie Chaplin said tonight he had not yet decided how to distribute the £2,000 of his "peace prize" which he intends giving to the London poor. He has already given £2,000 from the same prize to the Abbe Pierre's Fund for the poor of Paris.

The famous actor said he did not yet know whether to give the money to the children or the old people, but he added that the easiest solution might be to hand it to some charitable organisation. He intends to give the rest of the prize money to the poor of Switzerland and Italy.

Mr Chaplin told reporters he hoped to finish the scenario of a new film shortly, which would be a satire on America. In it he would again take the part of the little man with the mustache and walking stick. He added that henceforth, all his films would be made in England. Charlie Chaplin spent the first day of his visit to Hongkong, through the streets of the city where he was born—France-Press.

Sugar Ray To Try A Comeback

New York, Oct. 15. Sugar Ray Robinson, the former world middleweight boxing champion, today announced that he is going back into training on Monday and hopes to make a comeback in the ring.

Robinson told reporters that he would only resume boxing if he was satisfied with his progress in training. Robinson, who gave up his middleweight title in 1952 and formed a vaudeville troupe, said he had never felt fitter. He said he would like to win back the world title and hoped he would get a match with the present champion, Carl Olson, if he returned to boxing. —France-Press.

**Unions: Leaders Reject Return To Work Appeal
Government: Court Of Inquiry Set Up**

LONDON DOCK CRISIS WORSENS

No Decision On Use Of Troops Until Next Week

London, Oct. 15. The British Government is to set up a Court of Inquiry into the London dock strike, it was announced tonight.

The Court will investigate the cause of the dispute and report to the Minister. The Minister of Labour, Sir Walter Monckton, will probably publish its report.

Announcing his decision to set up the Court, Sir Walter appealed for the resumption of work in the docks "to prevent further injury to the public interest and to enable the Court to conduct its inquiry in the proper atmosphere."

The Court cannot impose any decisions on either side.

At a special cabinet meeting today under Sir Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister, the Government decided not to intervene in the strikes unless the vital services—water, gas, electricity—were threatened.

A Labour Ministry spokesman said the Cabinet would not decide until early next week whether to call in troops to unload the ships.

"No decision will be made on the question of emergency arrangements before the beginning of next week," he said.

NEW WALK-OUT
A total of 23,342 stewards—the largest number in history—were striking in London and 17,000 are meeting in Liverpool on Sunday to decide whether to join the walk-out.

The 4,000 bargemen and tugmen made their final decision tonight to join the strike early on Sunday, in a move that will endanger the vital services of the world's largest city, for they transport most of the fuel inwards.

The dock strike crisis took a turn for the worse tonight when leaders of the dockers flatly rejected an appeal by Sir Walter to return to work on pre-strike conditions.

The union chiefs, speaking for the National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers Union, turned down the Minister's bid for peace after a 90-minute meeting at his Ministry tonight.

NOT BUDDING
They thus removed early prospects of a settlement of London's worst strike since 1920. Sir Walter Monckton had appealed to the union to return to the position which existed in the docks 11 days ago when they called out their workers on an "official" strike.

But the Union leaders made plain that they were not budging in their stand until the port employers agree to negotiate points at issue, chiefly whether overtime should be compulsory.

This was the climax of a day of round the clock talks by the Minister in an attempt to settle the strike by negotiation.

A Ministry of Labour spokesman said tonight that between £20,000,000 and £25,000,000 worth of exports have been held up by the stoppage.

He said 41,000 tons of machinery, valued at £9,000,000 was waiting to be lifted in the docks, plus 7,000 tons of general cargo, valued at £1,500,000.

"The port of London has an average of 1,000,000 tons of cargo every week. This means that with a complete stoppage of work about one-third of the country's sea-borne trade is brought to a standstill," the spokesman added.

So far as food was concerned, it was known that 400 tons of frozen meat were being held at the wharves. The total possible food wastage might amount to £2,250,000.

The Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, has cancelled plans to go to the country over the week-end, informed sources said. He will be ready for action at No. 10 Downing Street if the strike situation should deteriorate further.

If he goes to the country at all it will be late on Sunday, the sources said.

Germany & NATO Preparatory Work Completed

Paris, Oct. 15. Officials from the 14 North Atlantic Treaty powers and Western Germany completed their preparatory work tonight for Germany's admission into NATO and the establishment of an enlarged Brussels Treaty Organisation.

Only minor legal points still remain to be examined before the draft documents are submitted to the respective governments, probably on Monday, a NATO spokesman said.

Work on these documents was started 10 days ago when a Steering group from the 15 powers was set up to implement the London decision to bring a sovereign Germany into the Western defence system.

In another part of Paris the French Communist Party tonight appealed to "all social and patriotic forces" in France to join in a fight against parliamentary ratification of the recently concluded London Agreements on Western European defence. —Reuters and France-Press.

R.N. To Get Guided Weapon Ship

London, Oct. 15. Britain is converting a naval vessel as an experimental guided weapons ship, the "First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr J. P. L. Thomas, disclosed tonight.

Mr Thomas also gave the news that three cruisers which have been awaiting completion, in order to get the most modern armament, have been redesigned and re-equipped.

These cruisers—the Tiger, Blake and Defence—would be joining the Superb, which is already in service, he said.

Making the announcement of the experimental guided weapons ships, he said: "It is not easy to see with guided weapons not yet in service with the fleet, exactly the form the future type of cruiser will take."

"Perhaps it will be armed solely with guided missiles or it may carry both guns and guided missiles. But whichever alternative design is selected, the Navy will continue to keep pace with scientific developments and will have nothing but the best equipment—Reuters.

Gold Ring Found In Sardine Tin

Horsham, Australia. Mrs William Murphy here found a gold wedding ring in a tin of Norwegian sardines. She wrote to the Bergen Packing Company of Norway who told her the ring belonged to a packer, Mrs Marie Tangetal, of Varði, Sunnsjón. The ring was posted to its owner—China Mail Special.

Asks To Put Alleged U.S. Aggression Against Red China On Agenda

SURPRISE SOVIET MOVE IN UNITED NATIONS

New York, Oct. 15.

The Soviet Union tonight officially requested full debate by the United Nations General Assembly on the Chinese Communist accusation against the United States of aggression against China.

Request Rejected

Earlier the Secretary-General of the United Nations, Mr Dag Hammarskjöld, rejected an American request that he should not distribute to United Nations members the telegram received from Mr Chou.

At the same time it submitted a resolution calling on the Assembly to condemn the alleged acts of aggression and to recommend that the United States Government "should take steps to put an end to the acts of aggression."

Mr Henry Cabot Lodge, the United States chief delegate, commented: "To say that the United States has engaged in any aggressive action in the area of Formosa or anywhere else is a lie."

A meeting of the Assembly's Steering Committee would have to be called to decide whether to recommend acceptance of the item on the agenda.

In a "note of appreciation" made public yesterday, Mr Chou, Premier of the Chinese People's Republic, thanked the United States Government for its "most serious attention to the armed aggression against Chinese territory of Taiwan (Formosa) by the United States Government."

The cable alleged that the United States Government had established military bases on Formosa and other islands with the object of completely surrounding Communist China.

Mr Hammarskjöld said the United States request was contrary to well-established procedure since 37 communications from the Chinese People's Republic had previously been transmitted to United Nations delegations. He said that an exception to this rule did not seem justified.

The United States delegation this morning refused to receive the Chinese message.

A United States delegation spokesman said the telegram was returned to Mr Hsin, its originator from "an authority which we do not recognise as a political entity and which already has been convicted of aggression by the United Nations General Assembly."

—Reuters, France-Press & United Press.

KILLER HURRICANE HEADS FOR NEW YORK

New York, Oct. 16.

Thousands of people were left homeless, scores injured and two killed on the Atlantic seaboard as hurricane "Hazel" headed last night for New York and Washington.

Bracing itself for the impact of the swirling storm which has left a trail of death and destruction from Haiti northwards through the two Carolinas and Virginia, Washington registered the highest wind force ever felt at the airport—95 miles an hour.

Fishing piers first felt the blow in South Carolina. Then houses were washed away and furious tidal waves tore up communications.

Damage to property quickly mounted to millions of dollars.

MOST SEVERE

The eighth and most severe of the season's storms made its

ravages inland, unlike its predecessors as it swept along the coastal plain's fertile tobacco-growing fields.

Casualty figures also listed eight or nine people missing.

The New York Weather Bureau predicted yesterday evening that the hurricane would pass about 100 miles west of the city about midnight (0500 GMT) but said the city would feel the gale.

Canadian weather officials expressed "considerable apprehension" for southern Ontario as winds of up to 70 miles an hour might whip up Lake Erie.

Saturday Mail Features

Here is a glance at your week-end reading:
P. 5: The World's Strangest Stories; The Angels of Mons by Michael Gannon; "Scribbles" writes on "Eccentricities in loops"; the Gilles family get up to more mischief.
P. 6: Honour At Stake No. 2: The Man Who Worked Magic With Words by Edgar Lustgarten; Bernard Wickstead "Off We Go on a Crime Crawl".
P. 7: Dennis Wheatley takes up Sequences—our fire-author thriller "New" is its seventh thrilling day.
P. 8: Milton Shulman tells you about the private life of Mr Gladstone in "He, died with the Queen and rescued fallen women".
P. 13: Serfion Delmer asks you to "Imagize" Brighton run by the Communist; and James Leaser tells you about London's latest crime—"Soup Kitchen" in "Theatreland".
P. 17: Stan McCabe's famous Australian Test batsman of bygone days says: "It will be an exciting test series but Australia should win."

Hongkong Has A Special Double Value

Chicago, Oct. 15. The Governor of Hongkong, Sir Alexander Grantham, said today the Colony had a special double value to the free nations.

"It is a window through which those from behind the Bamboo Curtain can glimpse the free world," he told a Chicago Council of Foreign Relations luncheon.

"It is also an important listening post."

The chance for the Chinese to compare life in a Communist-ruled country with life in a free place had exceptional importance because it gets back to China, he said.

AS A SANCTUARY
"Hongkong has importance also as a sanctuary to hundreds of thousands of refugees who have fled from Communist China."

"It has done more for refugees from China than any other place in the world."

"Hongkong has sometimes been accused of smuggling strategic goods into China. That is untrue," Sir Alexander added. —Reuters.

ROGER & GALLET
PARFUMS

Book your home-leave car with GILMANS!



Booking your home-leave car with Gilmans ensures you of Gilmans Service in both Hong Kong and England. Gilmans, London, take care of all the details of registration, licensing, insurance and delivery and are always at your disposal to help with any motoring problems throughout your leave. Gilmans Service is continuous service!



PIMM'S No. 1

KING'S PRINCESS

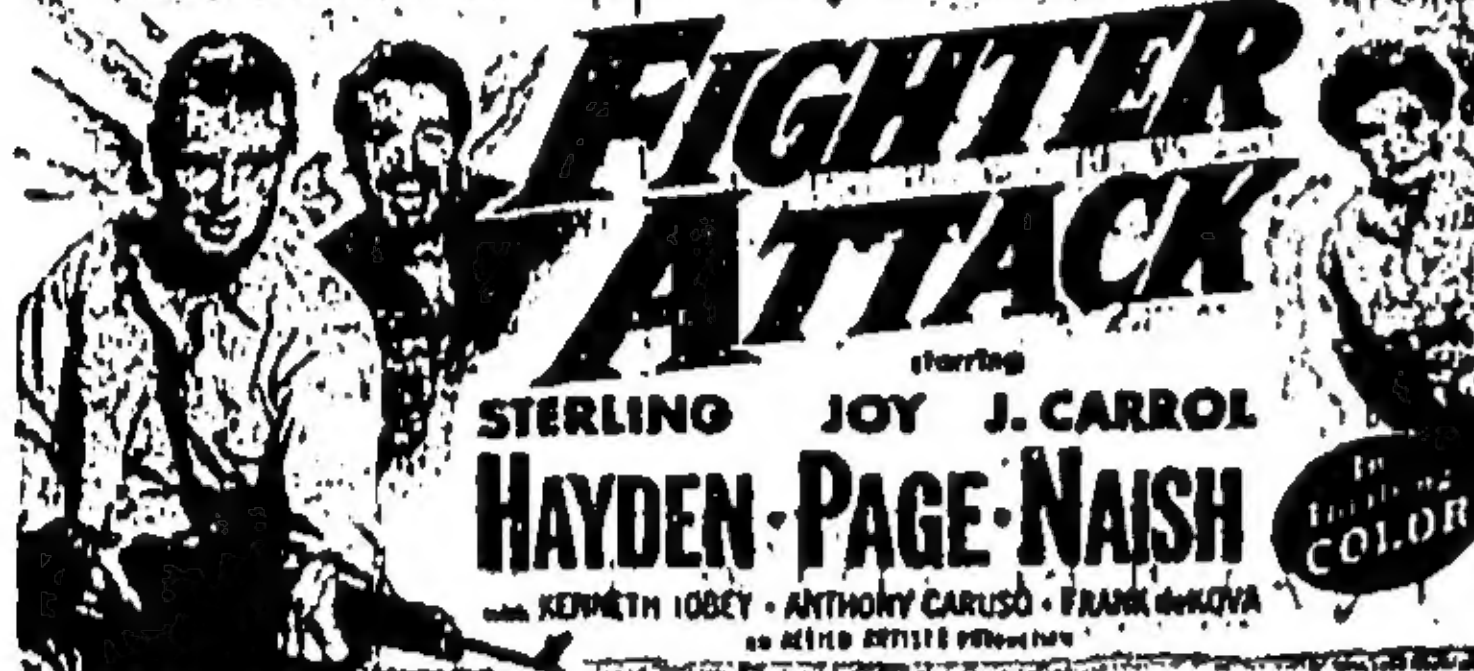
AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20
& 9.30 P.M.

FINAL TO-DAY



COMMENCING TO-MORROW

THE BLAZING FURY OF GUERRILLA WAR...



KING'S

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.
Warner Bros. presents Alfred Hitchcocks

"I CONFESS!"

Starring: Montgomery Clift • Anne Baxter
AT REDUCED PRICES: \$1.00 & \$1.50

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.00 A.M.

Columbia's Programme of
Technicolor Cartoons & The 3 Stooges

At Reduced Prices

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 12.20 P.M.

Wadia Movietone presents
The First Indian Picture with
Dialogue in English!

SADHONA BOSE in
"THE COURT
DANGER"
with Prithviraj
Jal Khambata
and Madhav Menon

Colourful Saga of a
Dancer's Life

REGULAR ADMISSION — DON'T MISS IT!

CAPITOL LIBERTY

3rd BIG WEEK!

3 SHOWS DAILY AT 11.00 A.M., 2.50 & 8.00 P.M.

The Picture that won
10 Academy Awards!



RITZ

SHOWING
TO-DAY



FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

The CAPITOL and LIBERTY will be running "Gone With the Wind" for another week as it's been such a success in spite of its age. They come back to the present with a bang then, showing us "Executive Suite" which has about as much in common with the leisurely days of the old South as a jet has with a sailing ship.

At the HOOVER there'll be "The Sands Of Iwojima" for a week and the LEE and GREAT WORLD follow "Creature From The Black Lagoon" with a Japanese picture, "Golden Demon".

"China Venture" has its last showings today at the KING'S and PRINCESS and then the EMPIRE joins them with "Fighter Attack". Looking further into the future, "Secret Of The Incas" and the British picture, "Romeo And Juliet" will be next.

At the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA, "The Big Sleep" will be followed by "Seven Deadly Sins".

Last but not least of the first run theatres are the ROXY and BROADWAY with "Gorilla At Large". In complete contrast to this, there's a sensitive picture called "So Little Time" coming next and then the much publicised "The Egyptian".

"The Sands Of Iwojima" concerns the training undergone by a group of U.S. Marines in preparation for their assault, first on Tarawa then on Iwojima itself.

As in "Take The High Ground" there's a tough sergeant who knows all the answers and who intends that the men he's instructing are going to learn them too before the course is over.

Naturally the poor fellow is misunderstood and is intensely loathed by his squad. They don't seem to be able to get it into their heads that unless they learn their lessons the hard way they're liable to last a very short time when they really get into battle.

The sergeant is played by John Wayne and the chief thorn in his side is private John Agar (once the husband of Shirley Temple). John Agar's father was killed at Guadalcanal and hadn't had much time for his non-war-minded son. John Wayne, however, had served under the colonel and very much admired him. Possibly this makes him a little harder than is necessary on John Agar, even causing him to obstruct Agar's marriage to Adele Mara.

The film starts in the training camp in New Zealand and moves to Tarawa and Iwojima, with plenty of battle scenes interspersed and everybody forgetting everybody in the last reel.

HALF MAN, HALF FISH

I don't quite know what to say about "Creature From The Black Lagoon" except to admit

that I haven't been able to see it. The "creature" is the living counterpart of a fossilised half man, half fish, discovered in the upper reaches of the Amazon. It's a constant threat to the small scientific expedition (complete with girl, of course) that sets out to find out all about its nasty habits.

Richard Carlson is the doctor (of Science, presumably) in charge of the expedition and Julia Adams is the girl.

The press books show several shots of aqua-lung excursions below the water, a point mentioned in case any of the Hong-kong devotees of this sport are interested.

SORT OF APOLOGY

"China Venture" is a sort of apology for the dropping of the atom-bomb.

In 1944 it is claimed that a high Japanese official was travelling North from Shanghai when his aircraft crashed in the mountains and he was held captive in the place by Chinese bandits. These people knew they were on to a good thing and offered to turn him over to the Allies for a large sum of money.

His worth to us lay in the fact that he was known to be one of a small minority group in Japan who wanted the war ended. It was felt that he could give the answer to the question of what was the most effective way of ending the fighting with the least possible bloodshed.

If we called a halt in the fighting and opened negotiations for peace, would it be construed as weakness and lose us the advantages we already possessed; or would it be better to launch an all out offensive to show that our forces were superior?

His advice was of the greatest importance and a small group was sent inland to try to bring him out, or if that failed, to back him up and to make sure he was not able to survive the trip to interrogate him on the spot.

"China Venture" is based on this incident which might or might not be true, as apparently the U.S. Government will not confirm or deny its authenticity.

It makes a good story and a suspense-laden film, so whether it's based on truth or fiction is immaterial except as added interest.

Edmund O'Brien is the rather crude Army captain who's developed a sixth sense about such things as booby traps and ambushes during his long spell in the jungle.

He's justifiably annoyed when he receives orders to pick up a Naval Intelligence officer (higher in rank than him) to make matters worse and some medical personnel and guide and protect them through enemy country to the Japanese Admiral.

The inevitable contempt of the fighting man for the desk-bound brass hats is well put over without being overplayed. Barry Sullivan turns, said brass hat into quite a pleasant human being though he didn't quite ring true as a top flight Intelligence Officer.

You'll be wondering how Jocelyn Brando fits into a tale

of this sort. It's simple—the's Lieutenant Ellen Wilkinson, an Army nurse and the right hand woman of the doctor, sent to patch up the Japanese Admiral.

The light in the eye of O'Brien is quickly dimmed when she tells him as soon as they meet "To all intents and purposes on this trip I'm a man—please treat me as one."

Many jungle pictures have shown the actors plodding through the steamy heat, addled by torrential rain and finally losing themselves. These films happened in "China Venture" but perhaps because I liked the film I found them more realistic than usual.

The girl question was very well dealt with. There was no wasted time on romance except for a brief couple of minutes. Jocelyn Brando had with Edmund O'Brien that could hardly be called a love scene.

She fell asleep in the middle, for which I was glad, as he did look awfully smelly, grubby and very realistically a soldier. A clinch then would have been a bit nauseating.

LIKEABLE FILM

"Fighter Attack" is another likeable film. This too is played against a last war background, but instead of China, Italy is the locale.

J. Carrol Nash is the leader of a band of Italian guerrillas on whose problematical friendliness Sterling Hayden has to depend when he's forced to bail out during the last flight of his four as a fighter pilot.

The war in Italy seemed, from this film at least, to have been fought exclusively by Germans; the guerrillas of the picture, although a tricky proposition as far as Sterling Hayden was concerned, were ostensibly fighting for a free Italy.

Joy Page, as an Italian girl fighting with and keeping house for the guerrillas, was a believable personality. She wasn't too glamorous for the job, she had to do, yet showed enough touches of femininity to make her interesting.

There's rather a lovely song running through the film, it's intelligently used and doesn't obscure the dialogue as is so often the case with film music. "Nina" is the title and it's sung rather hauntingly to guitar accompaniment as the guerrillas sit up in the mountains planning their next weapon-stealing foray against the Germans.

In one or two cases I noticed a similarity between "Fighter Attack" and Gary Cooper's picture of some years back—"For Whom The Bell Tolls". Possibly it's something to do with the apparent grooming of Sterling Hayden for Gary Cooper type roles.

"The Big Sleep" isn't new, but it's very nice to see the lovely face and hear the fascinating voice of Lauren Bacall again, especially as she seems to have given up the secret permanently to look after Humphrey Bogart.

He, of course is always worth seeing and it'll be interesting to compare his performance in "The Big Sleep" with his Captain Queeg in "The Caine Mutiny" which I hope we'll be seeing soon.

The former picture is so full of murders, double crosses and assorted tough guys that the story is too involved to press, but it's good entertainment for the unquenchable and worth a repeat visit even if you saw it before.

NO PRETENCE

"Gorilla At Large" doesn't pretend to be anything it isn't. You've got the gist of the action in the title.

The animal in question is a featured artist in the Paradise Amusement Park. Aptly named "Goliath" he's one of the suspects in a series of murders that upset the comparative calm of the Park.

In the best traditions of mystery thrillers, almost every one in the cast is under suspicion in the course of its running time. Lee J. Cobb is the detective with the job of finding out "who-dunnit".

His favourite suspect is Cameron Mitchell whose girl friend has been pestered by the murdered man. On the other hand, Cyrus Miller, the male half of the husband and wife trap set, has had money stolen from him by the dead man.

Just to confuse the issue a little more, Goliath's trainer turns out to have been a former husband of Laverne Miller.

If you still don't feel you've had your money's worth, how about the fatal accident that some time before had carried off the third partner in the Miller act?

SUBTLY CONVEYED

"So Little Time" brings Marius Goring back to the screen; a welcome return, as although this actor is inclined to overdramatise at times, he's always interesting to watch.

With him is the Continental actress Maria Schell. Not a beauty, but with an air of sensitive frailty about her, she is perfectly cast as Nicole, a young Belgian girl with a passionate hatred of the invading Germans.

When the German military governor of her town is billeted on her mother, and herself in their beautiful old house, it's as though the added indignity had been planned by an unkind fate.

Little by little, however, his love of music strikes a chord in her. It's been prophesied that she has a brilliant future ahead as a pianist and when she hears the colonel playing in his own rooms of the house she realises that there is another side to the man. Although his country decrees that he must be a ruthless soldier, punishing by death if necessary, his first love is music.

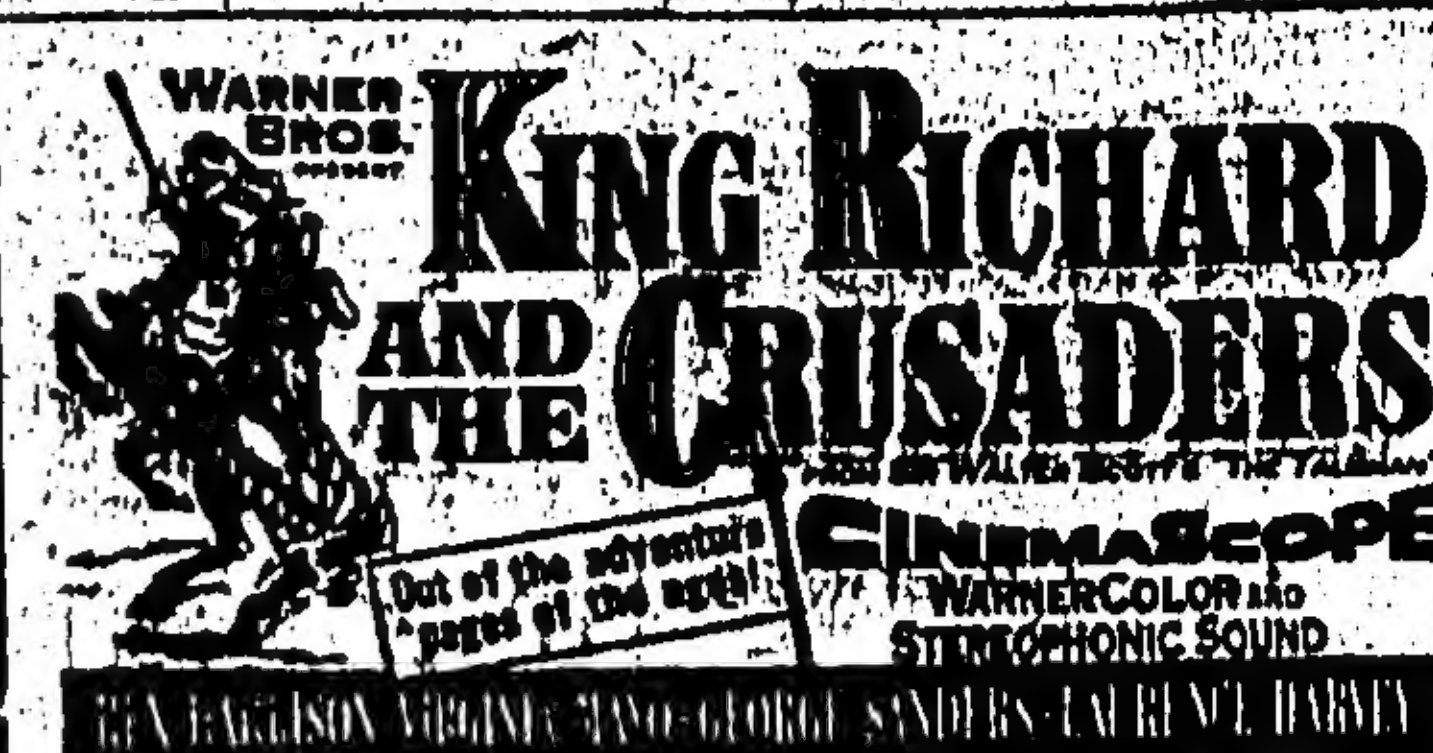
Slowly, against her will, Nicole falls in love with him. To his credit he tries to crush the feeling before she realises what is happening to her, but their mutual love has now grown too strong.

He plays a man of about 45, she a girl in her teens; but the emotion between them is so subtly conveyed that the situation appears completely plausible. There is a tragic ending, but in a life dedicated to the State, the colonel is allowed so little time for love.

It's unnecessary to say that I thoroughly enjoyed this picture, you've probably gathered that by now. It's unviolent in action but with a threat of violence lying all the time just below the surface.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2nd WEEK!!



TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.

QUEEN'S

Dinah Sheridan John Gregson

"GENEVIEVE"

Technicolor

AT REDUCED PRICES!

ALHAMBRA

John Payne Rhonda Fleming

"THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK"

Technicolor

Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

EMPIRE

4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY



ADDED ATTRACTION.

"BENEATH THE SEVEN SEAS"

Underwater documentary. The thrills, mysteries and dangers of the sea are brought to the screen with exciting shots of early and modern diving apparatus, the deadly submarine and frogman. The camera also follows Dr. Hans Haas photographing a man-eating shark.

SUNDAY SPECIAL MATINEE

AT 12.30 P.M.

RICHARD WIDMARK

LINDA DARNELL

in

"SLATTERY'S HURRICANE"

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 Cts.



Also Latest 20th Century-Fox Movietone News

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

Richard WIDMARK — "THE FROGMEN"

At Reduced Prices!

The Garrison Players

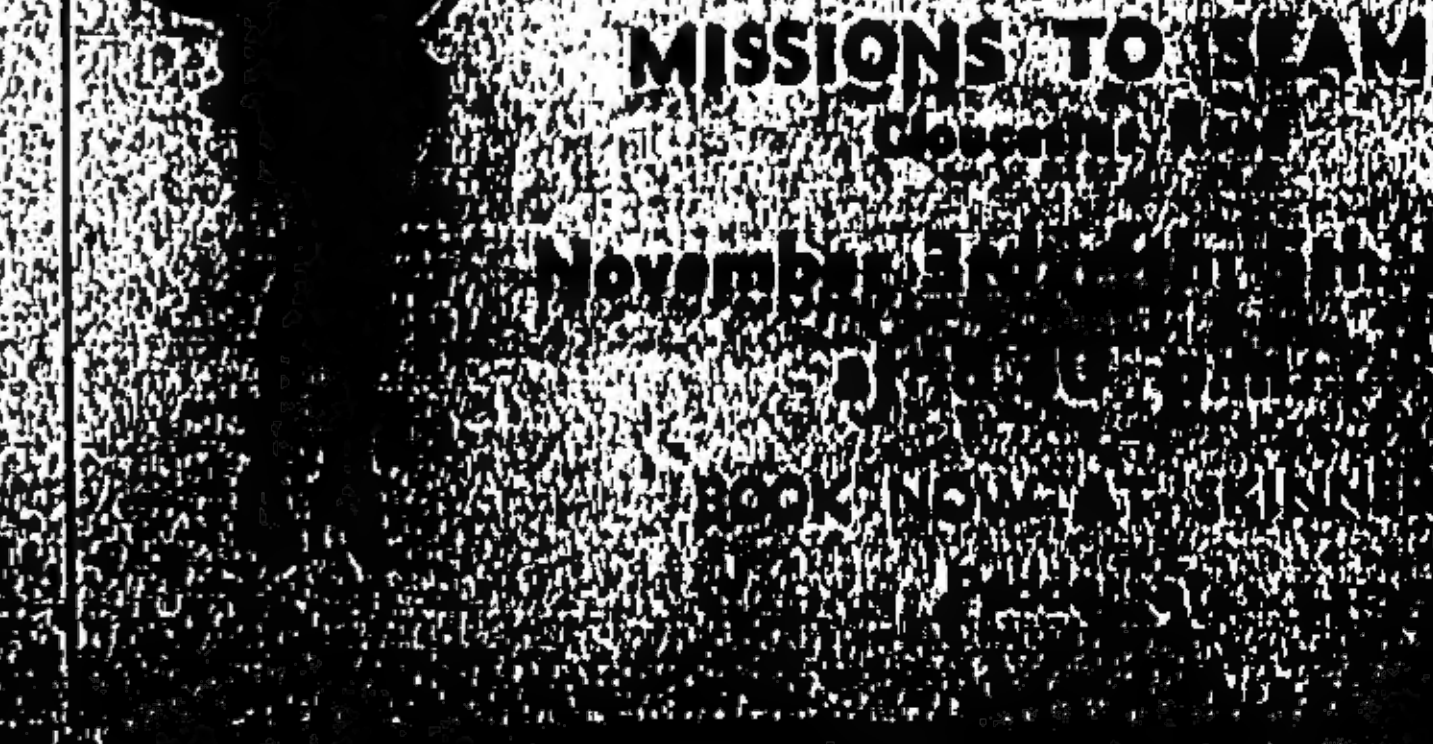
Present

WHILE PARENTS SLEEP

by ANTHONY KIMMINS

MISSIONS TO SEAMEN

November 1954



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

MEET BRITAIN'S FABULOUS SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

He's Returning To A Quiet Life

London. Trouble will have to find a new travelling companion because Sir Michael Bruce, kicking and bucking all the way, is being ushered finally toward the quiet life he has only vaguely heard about.

This is the situation today. Tomorrow it may be all changed . . . a revolution may erupt somewhere, a treasure hunt may get underway, a big fellow may start pushing a little fellow around . . .

Any one of these can torpedo the fire-side-and-shippers' hopes of Lady Bruce who married one of the last authentic soldiers of fortune not yet captured for stage and screen.

Hollywood will need the widest screens if it decides to tell Sir Michael's story, and plenty of red liquid there is blood everywhere. A large handsome Scot of 40, Sir Michael is the brother of the late film actor Nigel Bruce. Nigel was the kind of fellow who never got into trouble. But Sir Michael?

It Blows Up . . .

"I can't escape excitement," he complained. "If I touch a bath heater it blows up. If I go swimming, I am carried away by the tide. If I go into a restaurant which has had a blueless reputation for 100 years, someone chooses that day to shoot himself at a table. If I go on a yacht, it sinks—but you understand!"

Sir Michael, who traces his lineage back to 1214 A.D. with King Robert the Bruce somewhere along the line, was only 17 when he discovered the family fortune had been wiped out.

He promptly became a South African police trooper and before his 18th birthday shot his first murderer. Then he tracked a double murderer across Rhodesia in a movie-script chase that ended when his quarry missed his shot from behind a rock barricade—but Sir Michael didn't.

He still recalls this incident with relish. Even with a broken back from a plane crash in World War II and a body scarred with bullet, shrapnel,

Ladies Not Allowed

Another incident he likes to talk about is the time he rode a horse into his hotel. The hotel detective went up to him and gently pointed out that guests were not allowed to bring members of the female sex to their rooms. The horse was a mare. "By the time I was 24," he recalled, "I had fought at Gallipoli and sailed around the Horn in a whaler. Then I crossed the Andes on foot, fought a private war to save a friend's cat works in Brazil, was almost trampled to death in a cattle stampede, led a revolution in Sao Paulo, nearly died in the Amazon while searching for treasure. Oh yes,

Reburied For Third Time

Omaha, Nebraska. The remains of Big Elk, famed chief of the Omaha Indian tribe, were buried for the third time recently.

The remains were exhumed last spring and were set for reburial by tribe members. Big Elk died of cholera in 1849. His remains were exhumed first when the burial ground became site for Bellevue College.

The Sarpy County Historical Society exhumed the body again from its second burial place because of building extensions planned by the College.

The third burial was at Bellevue cemetery. — United Press.

I also fought for Paraguay against Bolivia." Sir Michael's South American experiences won him the nickname of "the cowboy baronet" and there were big headlines when he became engaged to the daughter of American steelman Mr. Eugene Grace. But they didn't marry and Bruce became a film stunt man.

Gossip Columnist

He organized British film extras and in one scuffle had a broken bottle jammed into his face. For a while, he was even a newspaper gossip columnist.

He joined the British Fascist party when it was first organized but resigned when its anti-semitic character became evident. Before the war he undertook a mission for Lord Rothschild in Germany. His assignment was to help Jews escape and warn of impending pogroms.

He was detained by the Nazis and his face beaten to a pulp after he had witnessed many atrocities.

"Tramp Royal"

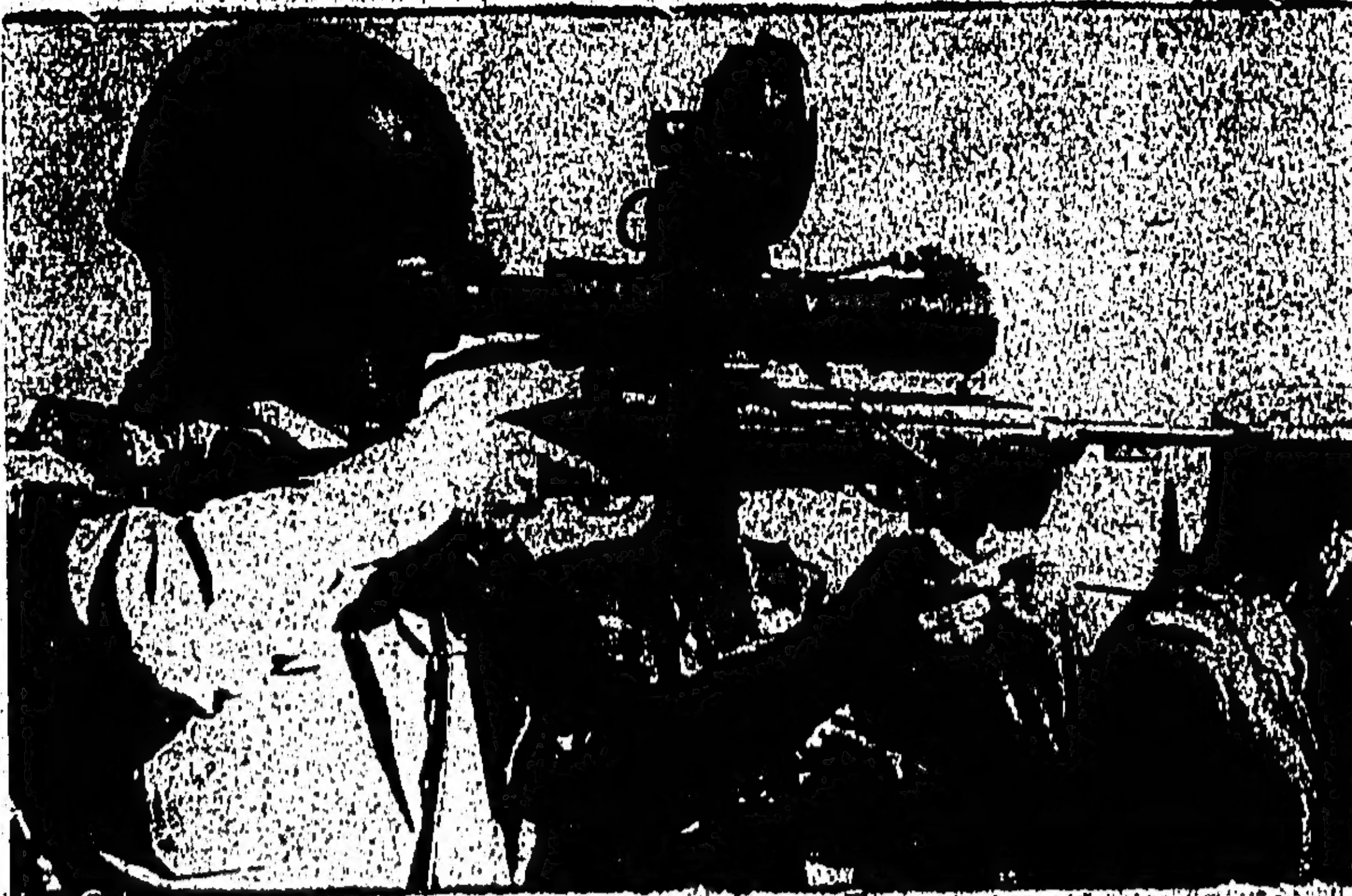
What does Sir Michael—who has set his crowded life down in an autobiography "Tramp Royal"—remember most clearly?

An incident of his schooldays when he refused to call Bonnie Prince Charles "The Pretender." His class always considered Prince Charles the rightful ruler. "Your people," said the schoolmaster, selecting a cane, "suffered for the Stuart cause, did they not?"

"Yes," said the youthful Bruce.

"Then, so shall you," said the master, "bend over." — United Press.

New Rifle For Night-fighting



The new American rifle for fast firing found special attention by all members of the N.A.T.O. Academy when they visited Neuburg, near Munich. The invisible infra-red light reflects the object aimed at, making the target completely visible to the attacker.—Express Photo.

Move To Make The Mortgage Business More Attractive

Washington.

Attractive young ladies are taking some of the legalistic grimness out of the mortgage business for a Chicago mortgage lending firm.

A Philadelphia lender has improved business with a song parody of "I can't give you anything but love, Baby."

Others are making the borrower's lot a happier one by sending flowers to the new home, taking the family out to lunch, or offering free decorating advice.

These and more ideas were discussed at the Financial Public Relations Association's 39th annual convention last week. The Association's approach to the problem was: "Your Mortgage, The Forgotten Man."

The mortgagee or borrower, needed more attention, delegates felt.

A Chicago savings and loan executive said the Government's Mortgage Loan Insurance pro-

grammes had resulted in less personal attention for the borrower because the programmes were "boxed in" by regulations and forms which restricted an institution's efforts to be different.

A Quick Answer

Because of these restrictions, his firms put the focus on conventional loans, not backed by a Federal guarantee, particularly when a borrower wanted money for home repair or improvement. He said a quick answer to a borrower's application made a company more pleasant to deal with. The Government often took too many months to answer applications.

This man, Mr. Ralph Luaders, of the First Federal Savings & Loan Association, Chicago, said his company was also making its mortgage dealings more interesting with more colourful mortgage forms.

The Liberty Federal Savings & Loan Association of Philadelphia, sent local real estate brokers a song entitled "We can't give you anything but love, Baby," and told them to burn as they read it. Vice President, Miss Anne Choleen says it was a good idea.

Other ideas for making the business of borrowing more pleasant, or less costly, included: Set up a home-planning clinic to aid the man, who has

not decided anything more than that he wants to own a roof over his head; introduce him to local materials dealers; Set up a home-decorating service for the woman who has a home and wants a good colour scheme;

Take a survey to find out what architecture is preferred, how many rooms are wanted, and what sizes the rooms should be;

Speak out on questions of real estate taxation and public housing programmes.—United Press.

Watch Out For A New Henry Ford

12-Year-Old Built A Car In Dad's Garage

Hamilton, Ontario. A 12-year-old junior Henry Ford has built himself a real automobile in a garage workshop.

The car is so authentic that its builder, Ted Harshman, can't drive it on the street. He is too young to qualify for a driver's licence. Ted, 12, a year ago, after entering a home-made auto in a Speed Box Derby, to build himself a junior-size super-automobile which would not always depend on a downward incline for momentum.

This summer, the youngster set up shop in the family garage and started work on his three-wheel, 1934 sports model. Neighbourhood pals pitched in to help and soon a collection of tools and materials were assembled for the production line. After convincing his father the

idea had possibilities, Ted went to work with electric drill, hack saw and a screwdriver. He got a little help from Dad.

The problem of motive power was readily met with the acquisition of a motor scooter. Old car fenders provided the chassis and the three wheels were borrowed from a modern rubber-tyre wheelbarrow.

The steering wheel and column were developed from half-inch water pipe and a standard English model car provided the grill and bumper. With the addition of auto spotlights for headlights, the "Lady Bug" was ready for the road in three weeks.

Operations of the "Lady Bug" have been restricted by law to the backyard because Ted can't get a driver's licence.

However, when the Harshman family went to Sauble Beach for the summer, "Lady Bug" was taken along and promptly became one of the season's attractions on the wide beach strip.

Total cost of the midsize car: about \$75.00.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"It's reading so much that keeps you overweight! Can't you concentrate without munching up a box of cookies?"

10,000 Cases Of Beer Poured Down The Drain

Providence, Rhode Island.

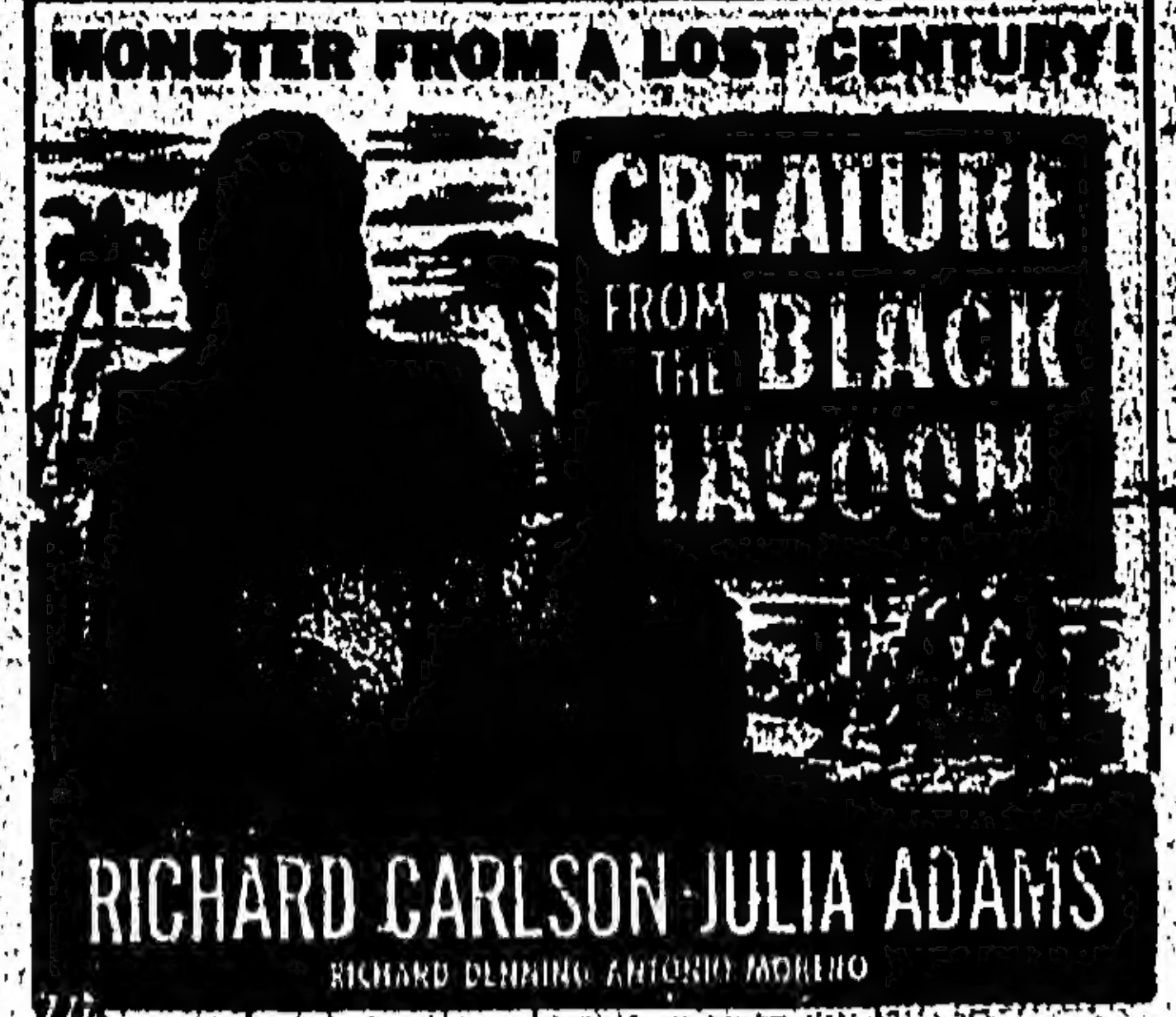
Gallons of beer flowed into street drains last week. Workers smashed hundreds of cases of the brew that had been flood-damaged by hurricanes Carol and Edna.

The Pabst Brewing Co. ordered condemnation of all beer exposed to flood damage. Some 10,000 cases of beer are to be destroyed. Workers broke open cans and bottles to let the beer flow into sewers as on-lookers smack their lips.—United Press.

LEE GREAT WORLD

DAILY AT 2.40
5.30, 7.30 &
9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY



Latest Gaumont British News
Soccer: Ireland vs England
AT THE LEE ONLY

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

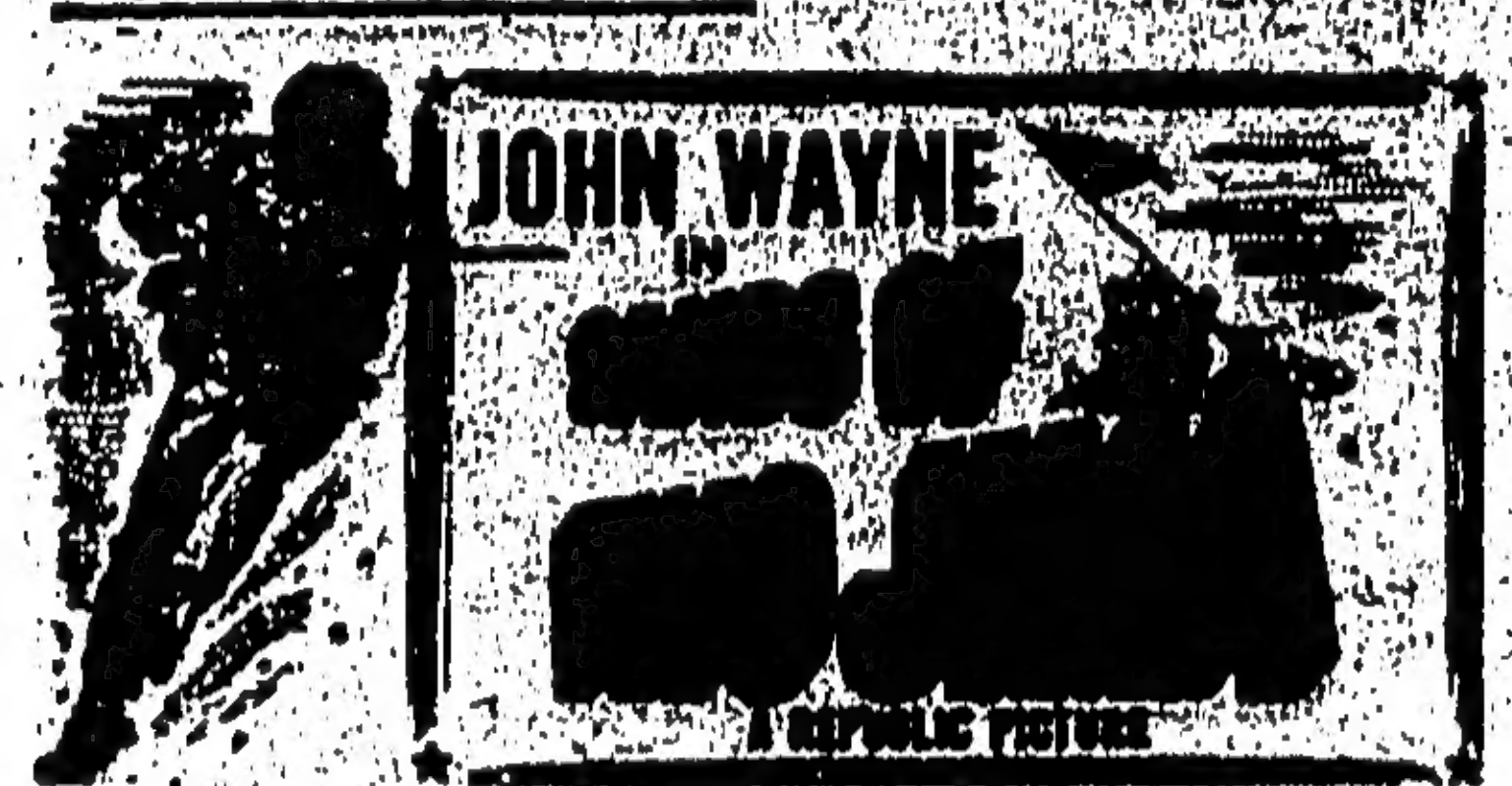
LEE THEATRE At 12.00 Noon
Walt Disney's Colour Cartoons
At Reduced Prices!

GREAT WORLD At 12.30 p.m.

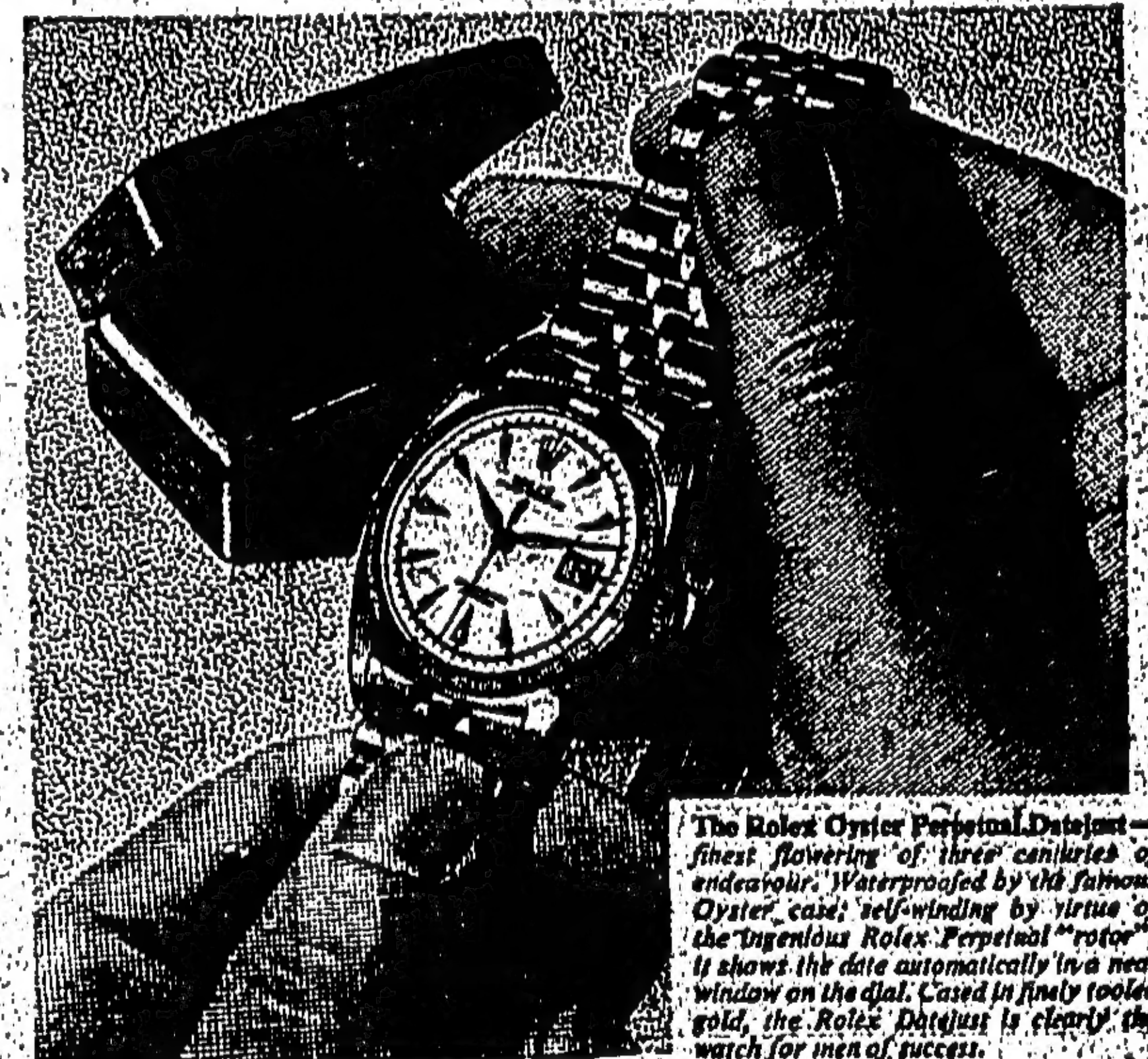
Mighty Mouse Colour Cartoons

At Reduced Prices!

HOOVER NOW SHOWING



SPECIAL SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE AT 12
'TINDER BOX' COLOR CARTOONS
Reduced Admission Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50



A gold Rolex "Datejust" is the natural choice of successful men

Worn by many of the most famous men of our time, the Rolex Datejust has come to be regarded as synonymous with success and distinction. In this timepiece are instilled all the skill and craftsmanship, all the artistry and ingenuity, of the great Swiss watch-making industry.

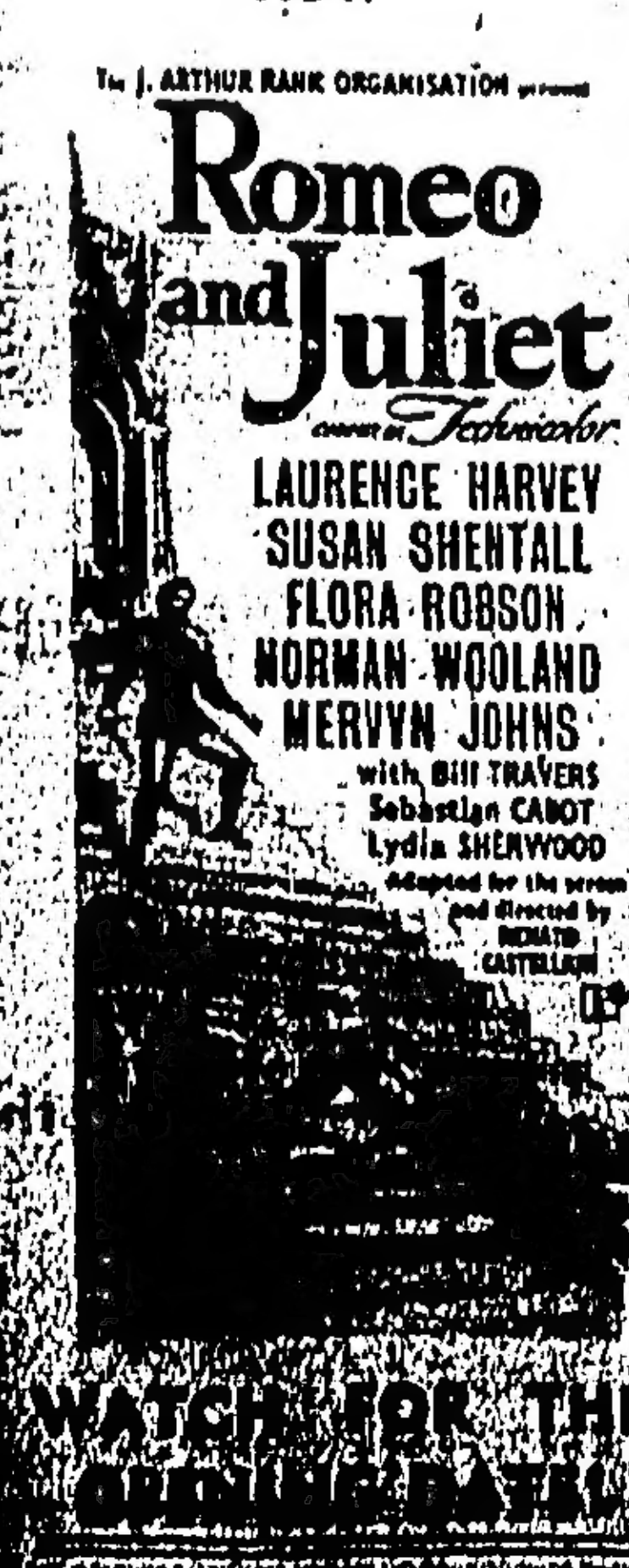
The owner of a Rolex Datejust soon gains pride and confidence in his watch. For he knows that the chronometer movement is securely guarded from all outside influences—such as dust, air, water and vibration—by the famous Rolex Oyster case.

greater convenience and added accuracy by the patented Perpetual self-winding "rotor" mechanism; that it will not only tell him the correct time, at a glance, but also, the date, shown clearly and automatically in a neat window on the dial.

Most of all, the owner of a Rolex Datejust knows that his watch is the finest in its class—a leader among the world's timepieces.

You too, will find the unique pride and ownership that only Rolex can give you. Write to the Rolex Oyster case, the Rolex Datejust is clearly the watch for men of success.

WINNER OF 1ST PRIZE, VENICE FILM FESTIVAL, 1954!



IT'S NESPRAY POWDERED WHOLE MILK



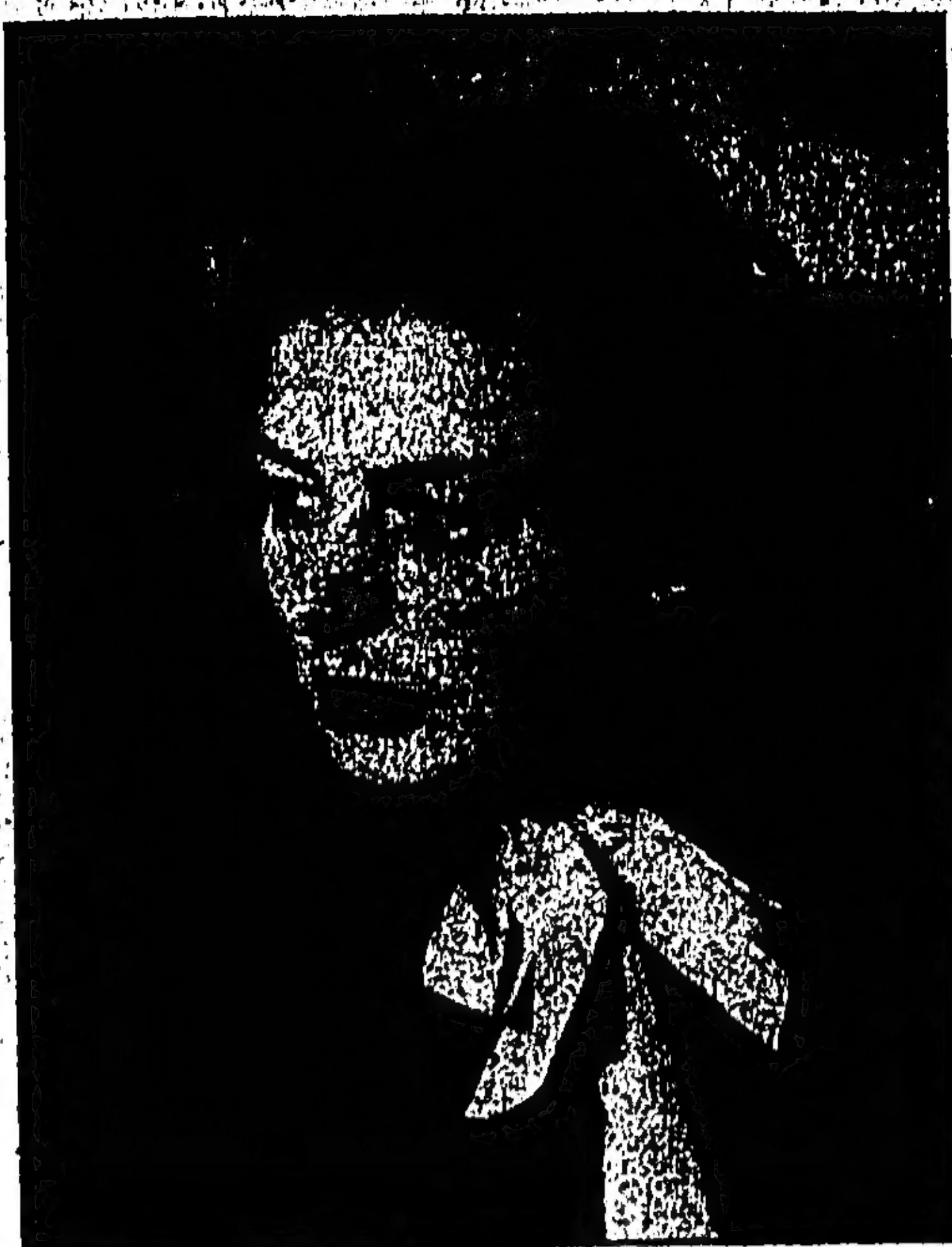
for me and my family!



HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD French dancer Mireille Gramell unpacks her ballet shoes in her London hotel. She is one of the beauties of the Paris Opera Ballet Company, consisting of 160, which is giving a season in London. (Express)



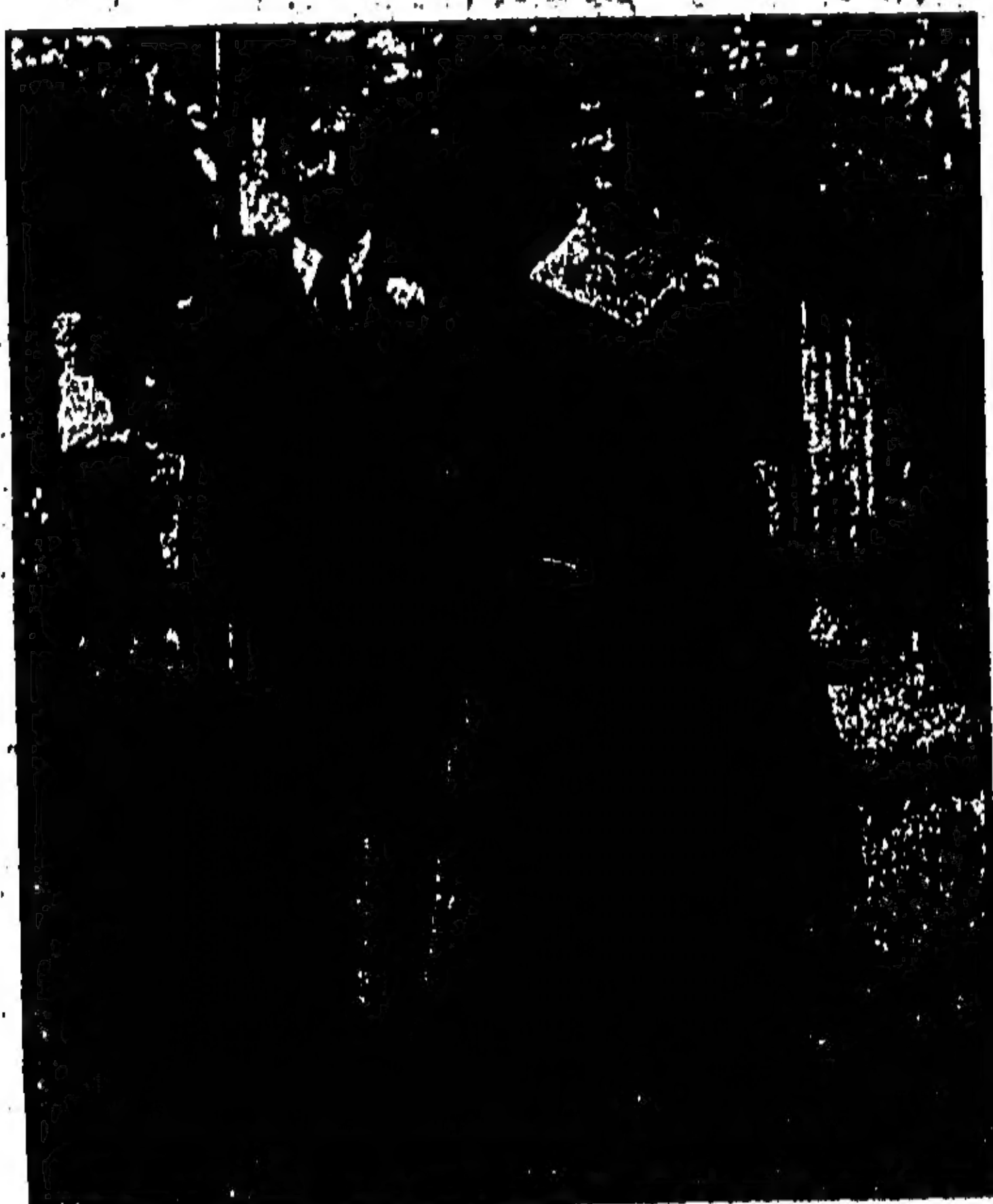
INGRID BERGMAN, at the age of 37, has arrived in London to appear in the Honegger oratorio, "Joan of Arc." Swedish-born Ingrid has played the part in Spanish, Italian and French. The oratorio is produced by her Italian film director husband, Roberto Rossellini. (Express)



THE Duchess of Kent and her daughter, Princess Alexandra, snapped at Southampton on their return from their Canadian tour. Picture shows the striking resemblance between the Duchess and her lovely young daughter. (Express)



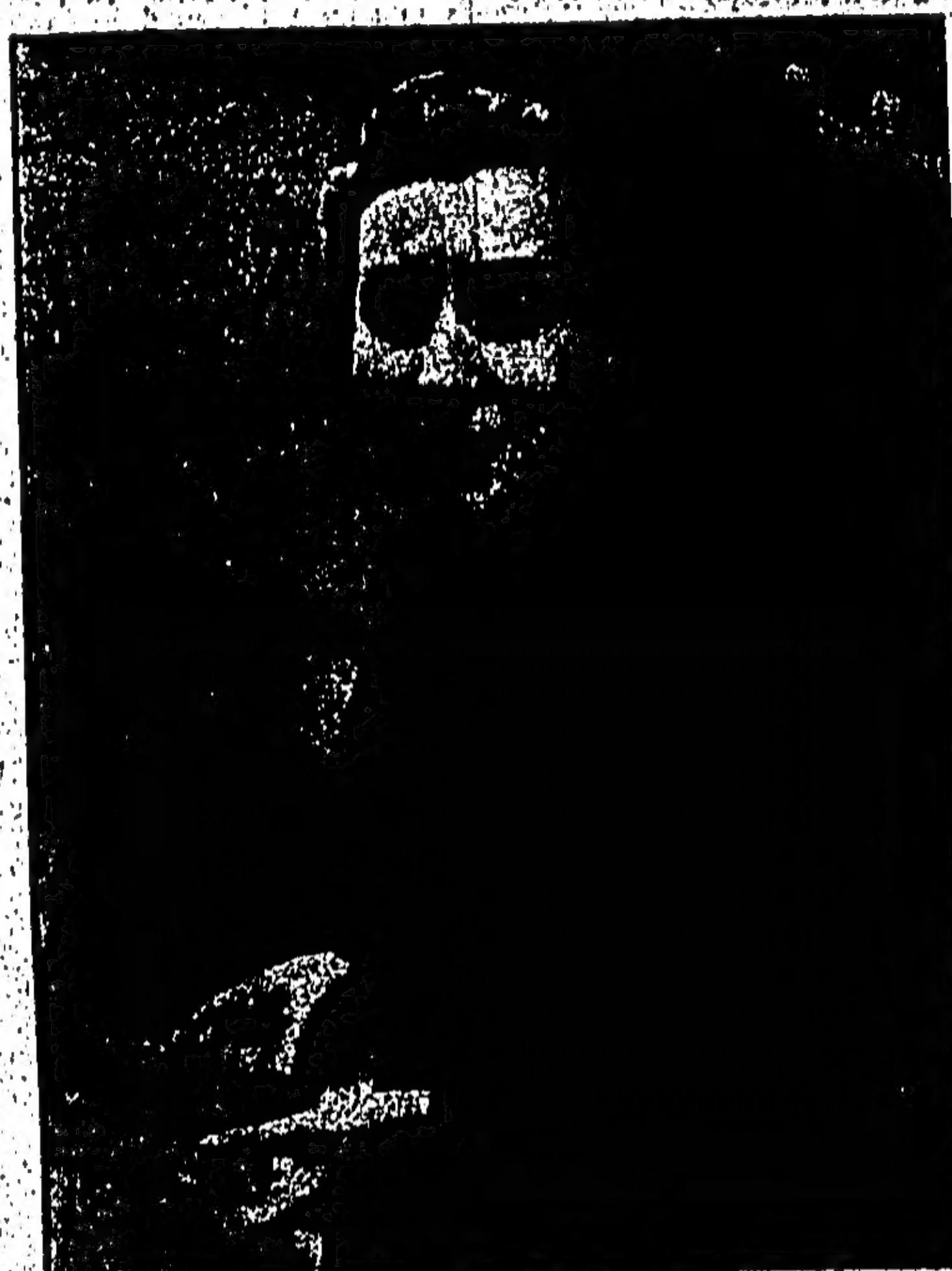
A cousin, many times removed, of the King of Thailand, and her English scientist husband. Twenty-three-year-old Mom Rajawongse Salavadi Svastil and 29-year-old Robert Garry Thomson, a Cambridge graduate with a double first in science, who were married in Thailand in August, photographed on their honeymoon in London. (Express)



LEFT: Miss Sandra Moiseiwitsch, daughter of the pianist Benno Moiseiwitsch, after her marriage at Hampstead register office to Mr Edward Gough, an Oxford undergraduate. The bride, who owns a hat shop, designed and made her own dress. (Express)



RIGHT: Polish-born tenor Jan Klepura, who has just sung in London again after an absence of 17 years, with his wife, soprano Marta Eggerth. She also took part in the Royal Albert Hall concert, which was attended by a record crowd. People stood in the rain to cheer them when they left after their performance. (Express)

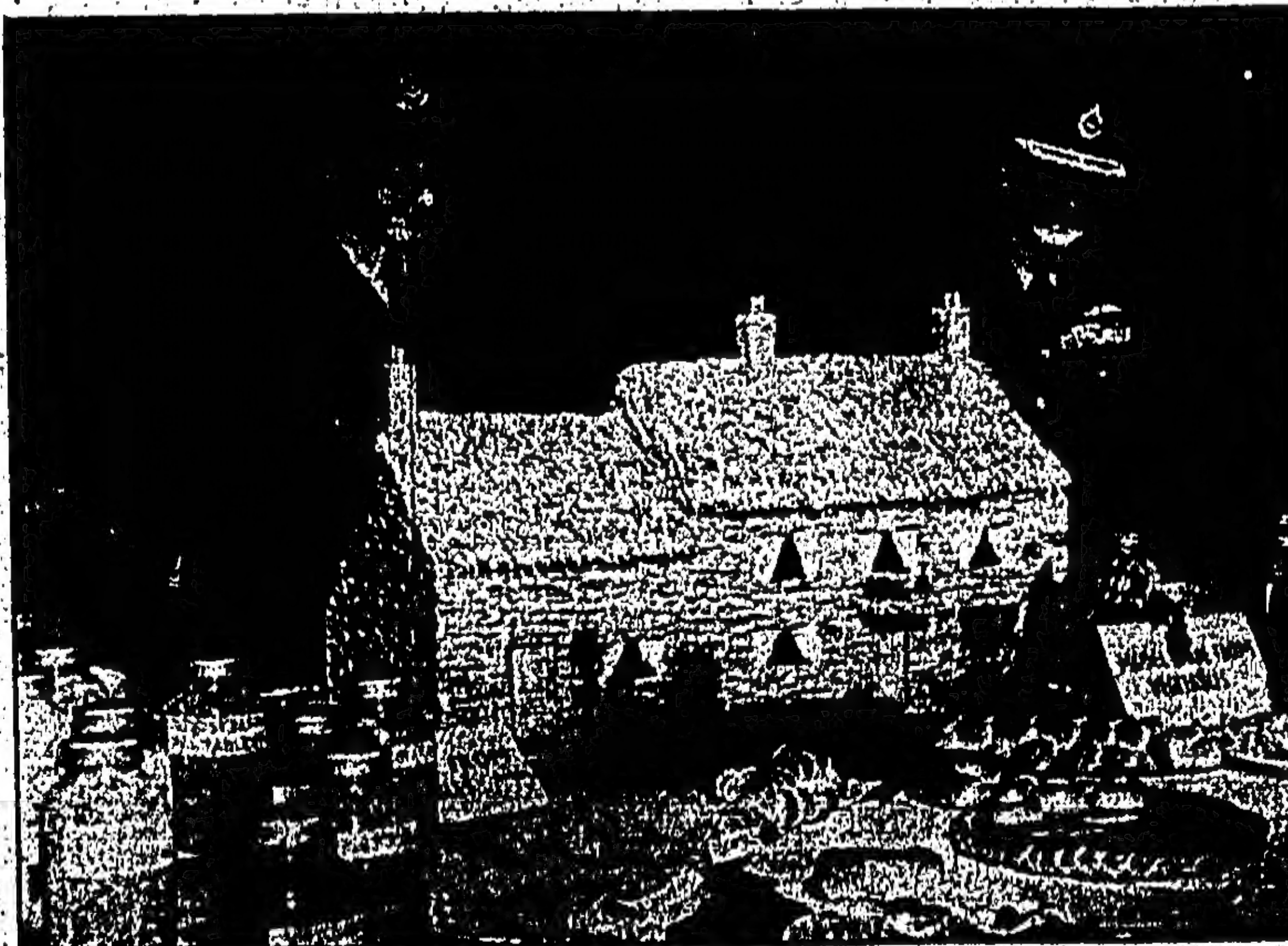


ONE of the world's fastest interpreters is Miss Elizabeth Hedinger, a Swiss girl who was on duty at the conference of the International Union of Official Travel Organisations at Church House, London. She translates in English, French, German and Spanish. (Express)



SIR Alexander Fleming, discoverer of penicillin, is to leave his post as head of the Wright-Fleming Institute of Microbiology at St Mary's Hospital, Paddington, at the end of the year. He is seen with Lady Fleming. (Express)

BELOW: The 81-year-old Sultan of Johore, his Hungarian-born Sultana and their daughter, Princess Meriam, pictured on their arrival in London recently for a 10-month stay. (Express)



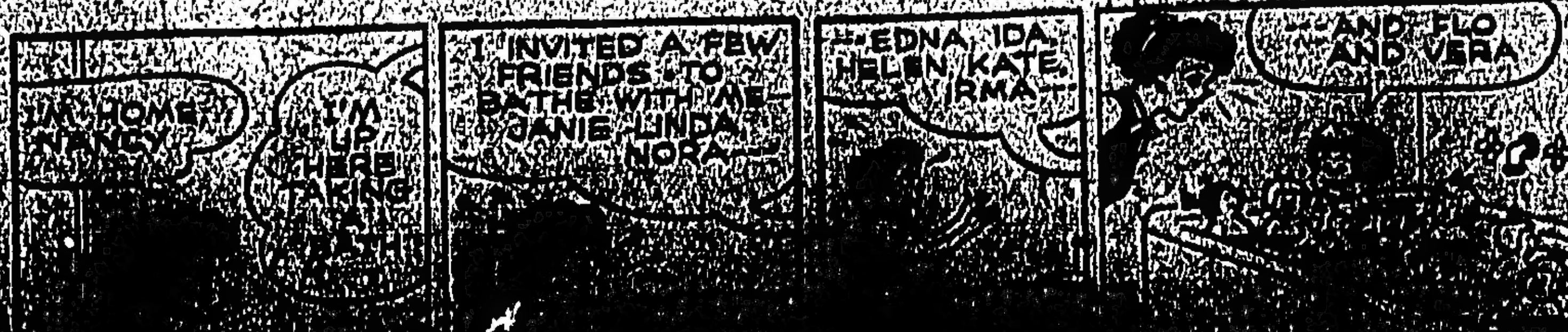
AT the RAF Horticultural Show which opened in London recently, this cottage aroused great interest. It is made entirely of carefully cut potatoes, and the chimney stacks are of sliced carrots. (Express)



THE colour party of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company, of Massachusetts, formed in 1637, a contingent of which is now visiting England, leading the parade through the streets of Bishopsgate. (Army News)

By Ernie Bushmiller

NANCY





"GO AND TELL DAD WE'VE DISCOVERED A ROMAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY." London Express Service

"SCRIBBLER" TEACHES YOU HOW TO READ CHARACTER FROM HANDWRITING... Article 7 ECCENTRICITIES IN LOOPS

LOOPS in handwriting help a graphologist to determine the attitude of the writer's mind. The upper loops are those in letters like "l" and "h", the lower loops are in letters like "y" and "a". The letter "r" has both upper and lower loops, and these

usually the writer will consider his own feelings before anyone else's. Selfishness may sometimes be one of the writer's traits. As this loop like "r" is like "d" and "y" like "a", reveal a thrifty and economic nature. A cautious thinker is indicated by tall narrow loops. This writer thinks about ventures which he will take before plunging into them. If the

lower loops above, leaning in thought and action. If the script is plain the writer is modest, but if the script has distinctive formations the writer is not only cautious but critical and can concentrate. Another sign of safety is seen in EXAMPLE 3 which has lower loops larger than the rest of the writing. This writer does not like to be tied down to one thing, or have to concentrate on any matter. This trait of safety increases if the lower loops are larger and wider. If the script is heavy this sense of rhythm and coordination might take the form of sport, while in light pressure it might show an appreciation of music.

When the lower loops are far too long in proportion to the rest of the writing, exaggeration is quite evident in the writer's life. With "shaky" small simple strokes and turns, there is a significant awe-inspiring event. His mind usually wanders from one thing to another, and he has little power of concentration.

Combination and a loss to express himself show in a person's handwriting where the loops "hang" with lines either above or below. The writer quite often suffers lapses of

The faint light of the new organism, whose blood still flows, was drifted passively

should be analysed separately.

When you come across handwriting where both upper and lower loops are eliminated, you may be sure that this writer does not clutter his mind up with a lot of non-essentials. He does his work by a direct method of approach, and all new ideas are of interest to him even though he might not use them.

When the loops are heavy blunt strokes, as in EXAMPLE 1, the writer has strong resistance and will power. His mind cannot be easily influenced or turned from its course. If the blunt stems are persistent, as in the example, the writer will be headstrong and will not listen to the other side of an argument. If he feels his views are correct, susceptibility to flattery is seen in handwriting where words with lower loops finish towards the left and then curve

loops rise high above the writing far out of proportion with their base. The writer will have a vivid imagination and an idealistic outlook on life.

The tall wide loop also discloses aspiration, but on any emotional and material basis.

EXAMPLE TWO

*And sometimes I will find you
I am a traveller on the
river of no return
Swamp on failure to be lost
in the Sherry Sea*

rather than spiritual. This writer likes to enjoy himself, but he might hurt himself with his own emotions.

memory, and he finds it particularly hard to plan anything. The lower loop with a large incurve at the end, and which looks like an oversized hook, is a sign of tenacity.

Sometimes a graphologist will come across the letters "g", "y" and "r" in which the upper half of the loops go off to the right instead of left so that these letters look like "a", "d" and "e". This kind of writing denotes a person with a tender and generous nature. This writer will have a good deal of sympathy for his fellow men's misfortunes and, when possible, will help them in every way. Eccentricity is also one of the traits of this writing.

THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES—No. 4

THE ANGELS OF MONS

"Then, over the heads of the hard-pressed British, angels appeared. The German hordes fell back, their cavalry horses stampeding... the B.E.F. was saved from annihilation by this heavenly intervention."

—The legend of "The Angels of Mons."

SUMMER rain pattered into the misty order beds flanking the canal that runs westward to France through Mons. In villages on the south side bells rang for early Mass and Belgians in best black hurried towards their sound. They were watched, curiously, by men of the British Expeditionary Force called by the German Emperor "The Contemptible Little Army."

Its stubborn heroic resistance was made at a cost of 7,800 killed, wounded and



ARTHUR MACHEN

Translated into Hindustani

prisoners out of 60,000, but the German casualties were twice as many.

While wounds received at Mons were still unclosed and men who had slept but three hours a day were still fatigued from the long marches, a journalist on the staff of The Evening News was sent to Mons.

ton and Max Beerbohm. Some years earlier he had earned a parochial reputation as an imaginative writer, and after the war he was in vogue, chiefly in America, as a novelist.

Machen wrote, in his sprawling hand, a short story called "The Bowmen." It was, he said afterwards, inspired by an article he had in The Weekly Dispatch about the great gallantry of the British at Mons. He had thought for many days of the little host of heroes, almost but not quite ringed about with German flames.

A Vision

In his story, when things were at their grimiest a scholarly soldier utters a prayer, Adst, Anglis Sanctus Georgius—"May St George be a present help to the English"—and falls into a waking vision. He hears a voice mighty as a thunder-peal, crying, "Arise, Arise, Arise!" and "the spirits of the old English bowman-obey the command of their patron and ours."

The soldier sees silvery flights of arrows. He astonished comrades see the German hordes melt before them. Later they find that the enemy dead bear no marks of wounds.

This story, under an insignificant heading was printed above an advertisement for "Keepe the soldier's eye dry" and adjoining a much more prominently displayed account of the work of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild in The Evening News of Tuesday, September 27, 1914.

Machen did not consider it to be of special merit. It falls in with the notion of "man's little and the great things of the world," which was a favorite theme of his. The story, however, was a success. It was read by the public and by the press. It was a success. It was read by the public and by the press.



MICHAEL GANNON

relates the remarkable facts of a legend of our time thought no more about it—for a while. Then the editor of the Occult Review asked whether the tale had any foundation in fact. Machen replied that it had none. But others began to ask the same question, and it was obvious that Machen's assumption was not welcome. People wanted the story to be true.

Mr Robert Blatchford and other public figures constantly averred that God was on our side, but many people sought the comfort of proof from less mundane sources. The story of The Bowmen seemed proof enough. The Evening News was inundated by demands for extra copies of the story and the publishing firm of Simpkin, Marshall and Co. began to publish it at the rate of 1,000 a day. The tale was reprinted in periodicals, republished in America and translated into Hindustani and six other languages.

It spread by word of mouth and the reading St George's bowmen gradually changed character and became angels.

Legend Grew

And then individuals came forward with testimony to the Angels of Mons. But few witnesses were remarkably likely to have their names mentioned. It was "almost" in an advertisement for "Keepe the soldier's eye dry" and adjoining a much more prominently displayed account of the work of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild in The Evening News of Tuesday, September 27, 1914.

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In fact, it required no supernatural intervention to extricate units from the battle. The legend grew, that only St George and his bowmen or the Angel (or Angels) of Mons had saved the B.E.F. from annihilation.

The Church Times reproved "those who imagine that if a story is of a sufficiently edifying nature no evidence is needed."

Canon Hannay—the novelist George A. Birmingham—observed: "The fact that a considerable section of the public insists on believing that the story is true or founded on fact seems to me to witness to a craving quite unlike anything one would have expected to find hand from the English people."

True Angels

Gradually the debate subsided. Had the war ended in victory soon after Mons it is possible that the legend would have been substantially accepted as a miracle. But the bloody slaughter of the Somme turned minds away from it: there was no heavenly interposition there.

Arthur Machen died in 1947 at the age of 84, an acknowledged grand literature. He had few regrets. One of them was his belief that in the "faint light of the new organism, whose blood still flows, was drifted passively."

Machen's story is still regarded as more than fiction by a few people today. You will find that some people still believe in the Angels of Mons. The legend of the Angels of Mons is still a part of the folklore of the British Empire. It is a legend that has stood the test of time.

Elegance... plus COMFORT

The Van Heusen "COUNTRY" Shirt with its collar, with or without a coat, is always smart and supremely comfortable. The attached collar Van Heusen Collar is immaculately all over the shirt, both spread (as illustrated) and buttoned down. The "COUNTRY" Shirt is also available in plain design and color.



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Eyes blazing, flat pounding... "You have got to And," said Bottomley, "that I had the intention to steal the money of poor devils, such as ex-soldiers."

THE gift of the gab—figure reached its height, that is the English name for it, and we put on a meaning smile whenever we hear the phrase. Not to be fooled, our smile says: we aren't anyone's suckers; no good trying a lot of empty words on us.

And yet there is no country in the world where the gift of the gab can exercise more devastating power than in supposedly phlegmatic and unimpassioned England.

For proof, I would cite the case of Horatio Bottomley. Bottomley was the gift of the gab incarnate and personified; there has been nobody quite like him this half century. Charm a bird off a tree? He would have found it child's play.

He could charm a bunch of lifelong pacifists into a fierce mob loudly clamouring for uniforms and guns. He could charm a hard-boiled London Special Jury into giving a verdict rooted in emotion, not in facts. He could charm a gathering of cheated shareholders into applauding and finding fresh money for the cheat.

Not only could, but did. Bottomley spurned none of the material prizes brought within reach by this exceptional gift. In the years immediately following the 1918 Armistice, when his career as a public

acquit. Bottomley walked from the shadow of the dock with popularity confirmed and possibly enhanced.

Why therefore should he worry to excess when, in the early part of 1922, he faces criminal proceedings once again?

Objectively, he calculates his assets. He is 62 years old and at the summit of his powers. He knows the ropes—both legal and financial—better, far better than over he has done. He can draw upon the vast fund of good will he created by his patriotic speeches during the Great War.

They couldn't beat him before. What reason is there to imagine they can beat him now?

So Bottomley—as usual, his own advocate—prepares for battle with jaunty confidence, not sensing that his long run is coming to an end....

The Crown case against him is simple enough in essence; that, having founded a so-called club in connection with the Government's Victory Loan, he has helped himself freely to that club's subscriptions and turned the money thus abstracted to his private use. Or in the more technical terms of the indictment, he has committed the offence of fraudulent conversion.

But though simple in essence, in detail it is complex; so intricate are Bottomley's monetary affairs, with a network of companies real and notional, with a chain of bank accounts in this name and that, with cash constantly transferring from one of them to another, that only a steady and penetrating eye can follow the progress of each manipulation.

This gives the cue for Bottomley's tactics before the magistrate. He cross-examines, not to make things clear, but to make them more obscure. He cracks jokes in the hope of distracting attention—jokes at which his trained supporters laugh uproariously. He frequently interrupts Travers Humphreys, prosecuting, especially when a point is being made that cannot be misunderstood or re-interpreted.

But both prosecutions had ignominiously failed.

Bottomley—a lay lawyer of consummate skill—appeared on each occasion in his own behalf; and, exploiting the latitude always allowed to one who defends in person, he employed his gift of the gab in feats of demagoguery aimed at those outside the court as much as at those within. The effect was immense, and after each

HONOUR AT STAKE THE MAN WHO WORKED MAGIC WITH WORDS

☆ Charm a bird off a tree? He would have found it child's play. For Horatio Bottomley was the gift of the gab personified

By EDGAR LUSTGARTEN

"Rubbish," he cries emphatically, as Humphreys contends that part of £5,000 withdrawn from the club's account was wanted for the upkeep of his horses at Ostend.

"Don't interrupt, please," says the magistrate.

"But it is too absurd. It is utter nonsense."

Travers Humphreys—who is going to see this case through to its end in the Court of Criminal Appeal, and who is later to become an outstanding King's Bench judge—does not intend to get involved in mere recrimination.

"I say Mr Bottomley wanted that money," he goes on conversationally, "for the purpose of keeping up his horses at Ostend because I have that under Mr. Bottomley's own hand."

Indeed he had; in the shape of a declaration necessary under the old Defence of the Realm Act—before money could be despatched abroad.

The production of this document came as a blow to Bottomley but there were many others also that Humphreys held in store. Industrious, meticulously, and above all lucidly, he traced money in batches from the coffers of the club to the companies, to the account of one of Bottomley's lady friends.

One hope now

THESE facts could not be accounted by clouds of dust. They were proof against the wit of Bottomley. Only one hope remained; and when course Bottomley addressed the jury at his trial, he pulled out every stop and let them have it undiluted—no reasoning, not argument, but just the gift of the gab.

"You have got to find," he said, his massive shoulders heaving, "that I had the intention to steal the money of poor devils, such as ex-soldiers, who subscribed to the club." A glance to see how that's going down, and then a rising note: eyes blazing, flat pounding, chest and chin thrust out.

"You have got to find that Horatio Bottomley, editor of John Bull, member of Parliament, the man who wrote and spoke throughout the war—he won't let them forget that—with the sole object of inspiring the troops and keeping up the morale of the country"—and now something still more important that they must remember—"who went out to the front to do his best to cheer the lads; you have got to find that that man intended to steal their money."

Dramatically his voice broke. "God forbid!" he murmured huskily. "God forbid!"

At the close of this speech, at least one person wept without restraint. Horatio Bottomley himself.

For others, the gift of the gab seemed to have lost its magic.

misconduct—like fraudulent conversion.

"Had it been so, my Lord," Bottomley replied, "I would have had something rather offensive to say about your summing-up."

It was the last flicker, the last gift of the gab. The rest of Bottomley's story is one of a dismissed appeal, the purgatory of prison, and an emergence to penury that lasted until death.

The moral is too obvious to formulate in words. I only wonder what the moral would have been had Bottomley died glorious in 1921.

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☆
Next Saturday
When Parliament
Investigated the
Police

Where GRAPES greet a car that's NEW to Tito-land

by JOHN MONKS, who is on his way by road from LONDON to MELBOURNE

Salonika. Organisation official in the kind and white striped singlet asked me as I filled in dozens of forms.

I told him I had, but he floored me by bringing out a copy of Byron's "Don Juan" in English from the cabinet standing beneath a stern-faced picture of Tito and asking: "Did you enjoy this?"

WE stopped for the night at a charming "a la carte" Lulu-biljana. I had the seat of my pants torn by a young wolf which had not heard about Tito's bo-friendly policy.

The road to Zagreb was full of potholes, but we did not notice them as we waved to the pretty girls who were shovelling road metal into the holes. The children were hard at work too. One house we passed was being built by people who looked like the family Gilles, with Grandma mixing cement, and mop-haired children dropping bricks from the scaffolding.

The concrete autobahn from Zagreb to Belgrade is one of the best in the world but, although we cruised at 80 miles an hour for a long way, the going was hazardous. Flocks of geese, herds of cattle, and droves of sheep also use the autobahn and, as there are few cars in Yugoslavia and not many tourists drive that far, ox-cart drivers think it is safe to sleep while the oxen find their own way home. Screaming brakes soon wake these drivers and stir them into action.

BERNARD WICKSTEED teams up with PERCY HOSKINS

in a NEW series to
Find Out with Fun
among the crooks

AND
Off we
go on a
CRIME CRAWL



HAVE you ever thought of a "sin rambler" or "crime crawler"? It is just the same as a nature rambler with Chapman-Pincher, only instead of birdwatching and studying the dear little stinkwort you go out with a criminologist and learn about the wonderful underworld.

So if you had been in the West End one night last week you might have seen a couple of us at work. There was Percy Hoskins, who has been a crime reporter for 29 years and put on 6ft. in the course of his studies. And there was the willing student Wicksteed.

"The beauty of crime," said Percy, "is that you can find it anywhere. Look at this jeweller's shop. What visions of villainy it brings to mind. Smash and grab... the confidence trick... the double cross..."

The maestro was off and Wicksteed with his pencil was madly taking notes. The first chap to put smash-and-grab raids on a scientific basis, said Percy, was a fellow who put up plate glass windows in his back garden.

Then he would practise for hours with a brick, getting

his handicap down. It is no good just throwing a brick at a jeweller's window and hoping for the best.

You have got to use just the right force otherwise the broken glass will cover the jewels and you will not be able to grab.

When the jewellers began putting up grilles in front of their windows this chap got another idea. He fitted a sort of anchor on the end of a chain to the back of a car, hooked it to the grille and then singing "Anchors Aweigh," he let in the church.

Fish shop

THERE was another fellow who used to take his fence or receiver along to look at the Jeweller's shop first. He liked to get an estimate for the job in advance.

Percy was full of happy little stories like this. He even had one when we passed a fish shop.

The fishmonger, he said, could not make out who was stealing his fish, so he had the place watched and fount. There was something fishy about one of the cleaning women. When she was searched they found that under her clothes she was covered with Dover soles and haddock on strings.

That was all right. She was taken to court, and convicted.

but afterwards the fishmonger's solicitor got up and asked his client could have the fish back!

When I have been out with Pincher we have lain behind bushes and watched badgers and other kinds of nature of work. So I asked Percy if we could not do the same with sin.

He said sin was harder to watch than badgers, but we might hang around a bus stop and see if the pickpockets were out.

He thought it was a bit late for them as they had very regular habits. A detective looking over a bus queue at St Martin-in-the-Fields was once rewarded with one of the rarest sights in sin. It was an entire bus queue of pickpockets on its way home to roost.

All he had to do was tell the bus driver to pull up outside a police station, and he grabbed the whole lot with their loot and all.

Incidentally, Percy says that fat men do not get their pockets picked so often as thin men. It is harder to get at their wallets without being noticed.

The worst place to keep a wallet is your hip pocket, because if you lean down to pick up a rag, the rag goes into your pocket in front. If a man in a crowd opens his news-

paper in front of your face you want to watch out for your breast pocket.

I think the police have been spreading misinformation among the pickpockets in the West End because Percy and I did not get a glimpse of one, but while we were watching he told me a lovely story about the late Sir Patrick Hastings defending a woman accused of murder.

George Arliss was in court and Hastings, fixing his eye on him, said to the jury: "We have not come here as actors to study this tragic woman's emotions and adapt them for profit on the make-believe stage."

"The blighter," said Arliss to Percy beside him. "He invited me here!"

As we drew a blank with the pickpockets, I thought: I might flush a cat burglar. There was once a cat burglar with a wooden leg. He was called Peg Top or something and he used his wooden leg as a brake when sliding down roofs.

The trouble was he left splinters behind and the cops matched them up with the wood on his leg. But he is all right now, says Percy, because under the National Health Scheme he has got an aluminium leg that does not leave splinters behind.

There are a few more stories like this in the book. It is a collection of crime stories, some of which are true and some are not. It is a book that is worth a read.

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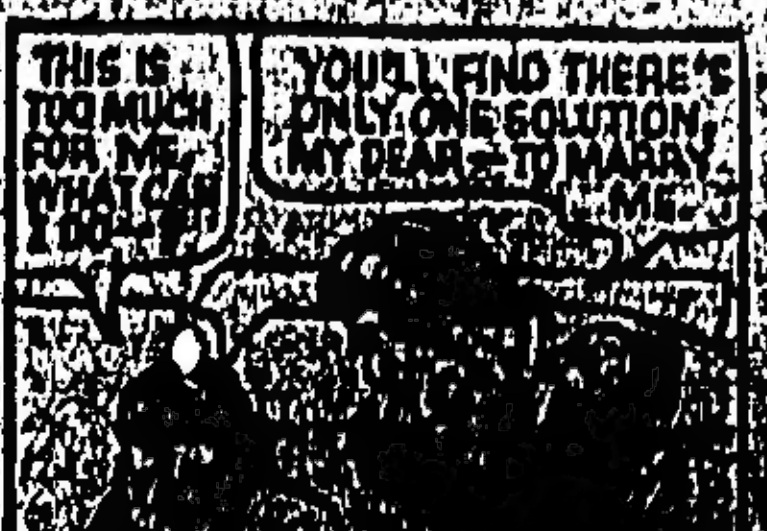
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Leo Talk and Phil Davis

MY BROTHER IS KING OF COCKATERS. WHAT DO YOU THINK? I'VE GOT A COCKATERS. I'VE GOT A COCKATERS. I'VE GOT A COCKATERS.

WARS ARE NO LONGER FOUGHT FOR A WOMAN. YOU ARE NOT. WITH ONE OF MY COCKATERS. I'VE GOT A COCKATERS. I'VE GOT A COCKATERS. I'VE GOT A COCKATERS.

AND IF HE DOES WANT TO FIGHT COCKATERS. IF RICH AND WEAK. I'VE GOT A COCKATERS. I'VE GOT A COCKATERS. I'VE GOT A COCKATERS.

THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME. I'VE GOT A COCKATERS. I'VE GOT A COCKATERS. I'VE GOT A COCKATERS.

YOU'LL FIND THERE'S ONLY ONE SOLUTION. I'VE GOT A COCKATERS. I'VE GOT A COCKATERS. I'VE GOT A COCKATERS.

Sequence Sinister

FOR a moment no one moved. Lanning was staring into the eyes of "green trousers" companion. They were shrewd, clever eyes, with networks of tiny wrinkles round their corners. His bulk and ugliness suggested the ex-pug; but Lanning decided that he had brain as well as brawn, and might even be the Big Shot of the outfit.

Gerald still unconscious and partially tied to the chair, was between the thugs and Lanning. It took Lanning only a second to decide that he would stand little chance against the big man plus "green trousers." As they came at him he gave Gerald a violent shove. The chair went over sideways with a crash.

Nasty jolt

Swinging round he dived for the open window. Behind him he heard a second crash and a spate of curses. The big man had taken a header across Gerald, and "green trousers" had been tripped up by the chair legs.

Squirming over on to his tummy, Lanning thrust out his feet, grabbed the window-sill and hung from it. As his pursuers scrambled to their knees he let go. The drop gave him a nasty jolt, but the area was not a deep one.

Regaining his balance, he dashed up its six steps to the street. It was now fully dark, and as he ran off he glimpsed two heads, still mouthing curses, thrust out of the lighted window.

After fifty yards he brought his pace down to a quick walk, and his agitated mind began to grapple with the problem of what to do. A drink while he deliberated was clearly indicated, so he made his way through several side-streets to *The Bells*.

Champagne

In the buffet he was on the point of ordering a double whisky, but his throat was such that it would have needed several to quench it, and he knew that if he got tight he might easily make a fool of himself.

Beer would only dull his mind and if ever there was a time when it needed stimulating this was it. This too, if ever there was one, was an occasion to damn expense; so he ordered a quart of champagne, a lobster, salad and brown bread and butter.

Having drunk a third of the bottle straight off, he felt better and began to concentrate. He hoped that he had not injured Gerald by throwing him over in front of the thugs; but if he had

THE STORY SO FAR

End Cockburn, chased by thugs for a letter she is carrying for her scientist brother, Gerald, is helped by George Lanning.

After a dead man is found in Gerald's Richmond flat, George gets into a house in Chelsea, where Gerald is trapped up. He overpowers Cora, in charge of the house—but then the gang arrive.

The five-author serial reaches its seventh thrilling day, with the last author but one coming in....

It could not be helped. Anyhow he felt little sympathy for Gerald, because he had brought his lovely sister into this desperate business without even asking her consent, and now landed her in a situation of acute danger.

The set-up, as Lanning saw it, was that Gerald had brought back from America some secret formula which the agents of a foreign power were prepared to pay to any lengths to obtain. For some reason unknown to the rash young fool he involved his sister in an attempt to trick them with dud papers; so presumably he had safely delivered the real ones to his firm.

But the idiot had walked straight into the gang's headquarters and they now held him prisoner. They had already beaten him up, evidently in an attempt to extract his secret from him, and would probably continue to do so.

Worse, infinitely worse: if he refused to talk they might start beating up that slender, blue-eyed piece of loveliness named Enid, in front of him, as a means of making him open his mouth.

Felt sick

Little beads of cold perspiration began to break out on Lanning's forehead at the thought, and he felt slightly sick. Quickly he took another swig of champagne. His instinct was to abandon the lobster—which he was eating without being conscious of its flavour—and rush out to do something; but he checked it, knowing that Enid's best hope of rescue lay in his making no move until he could set on a properly thought-out plan.

The obvious course seemed to be to go at once to the police; but there was the unnerving thought that they might be after him for murder. The porter at the flats had seen him go off

with Gerald's suit-case and the police, evidently regarding him as No. 1 suspect, had chased him into the park.

Between them they must have a fair description of him, which by now would have been circulated to all stations. But they did not know his name or address, so providing he kept clear of them he had a fair chance of evading arrest. On the other hand if he went to them he would have to prove his innocence, and that might not be easy.

Would deny it

Gerald might confess to the killing and plead self-defence. But the man had been hit on the back of the head so if Gerald feared that he might hang for the crime he would probably deny all knowledge of it.

Lanning saw, too, that Enid, having been with him when they found the body, did not necessarily let him out. If she thought that the brother whom she adored was going to be charged with murder she might not tell the truth. Women, Lanning knew, were completely unscrupulous where their affections were concerned.

He had known Enid for only a few hours and had no reason at all to suppose that she had fallen for him at first sight in the way he had for her. There, it was quite on the cards that, greatly as it would distress any decent girl to do so, she might decide to sacrifice him in order to save her idiot brother.

Having decided that he dared not put his neck in a noose by going to the police, Lanning wondered for a moment if he had not better abandon the whole business, and—go into hiding until matters had sorted themselves out. But only for a moment. He positively could not face the thought of leaving that entrancing girl at the mercy



of thugs who might even now be torturing her.

In vain he sought for some emulating himself, but he knew already there was only one thing for it. He must go back to the house and try to rescue her.

He would have to break in somehow and he needed a weapon. Pouring out the last of the champagne gave him an idea, about that. Having finished his wine he asked the girl behind the buffet for a newspaper and a piece of string, teasing her with a smile that he meant to take the bottle home as they made excellent stands for lampshades.

Ten minutes' walk brought him back to Farley Street. From the opposite pavement he inspected No. 8. No lights showed in any of the windows. He noticed then that there was a "To Let" board outside No. 2. There were no curtains, so evidently the house was empty.

Appalling din

Walking back to the end of the street and round the corner he came upon a narrow alley. The small gardens of the houses in Farley Street backed upon it. Turning up the alley he counted the houses until he came to the garden wall behind No. 9.

Unwrapping his parcel he tied the string tightly round the neck of the empty bottle, then made a loop by which the bottle dangled from his neck. After a quick look round to make certain that no one was about, he grasped the top of the six-foot wall, scrambled up on to it, and jumped down on the far side. Then he unlocked the door in the wall in case he had to make a quick get-away.

Now that he was over the wall, he could see that the back of No. 8 was in darkness as it seemed that its occupants had either gone early to bed or left the house. At the latter thought a sudden queer feeling surged up from the pit of his stomach. The thugs fearing that having escaped he would bring the police on the scene, might have doped their prisoners and taken them to some other hide-out.

Spurred on by this new anxiety, he ploughed swiftly

led to a closet and contained the skylight for which he was looking. Two minutes later he was out on the roof.

Crouching down to lessen the likelihood of his silhouette against the night sky being seen by someone at a neighbouring window, he made his way past a chimney stack to the roof of No. 8, found the similar skylight there and gently prised it open. The closet below was in use as a bedroom, and he lowered himself cautiously on to the lid of a large trunk.

Now that he had entered enemy territory he knew that the least noise might prove his undoing. Tiptoeing over to the door, he turned the handle and eased it wide enough to peer through. Dimly he could make out the banisters of the landing.

His luck in

Unlatching his bottle he grasped it by the neck, slipped through the door and drew it to behind him. Out on the landing he paused to listen. No sound reached him—until, yes, a sort of whispering; a faint sobbing.

His heart began to hammer wildly. He had felt certain that if Enid was still in the house they would have confined her either in the basement or attic. His luck was in. Still moving like a shadow, he eased open the door from behind which the sobbing came. The room was in darkness, so he switched on the light and there was his lovely Enid lying tied down on a truckle-bed.

With frantic fingers he untied her and the set-up. She was sobbing still, but now with relief. Instinctively he put his arms round her to lift her off the bed. Her arms closed round his neck. Suddenly his mouth was on hers. Her eyes tightened and, joy of joys, she returned his passionate kiss.

Must get out

"Quick now!" he whispered breathlessly, as they drew apart. "Don't make a sound! All explanations later. We must get out while the going is good."

"Gerald!" she breathed. "He's in the house somewhere. We must find him." "No!" Lanning said firmly. "They may be down there. It would be mad to risk it. She shook her head violently and her firm little chin stuck out. "We must! We've got to! They may kill him. Leave me if you like; but I refuse to go without him."

What will he do? See Dennis Wheatley's second gripping chapter in this thriller epic on Monday.

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Dennis Wheatley

MEET AUTHOR No. 4

has, like you, had his surprises from the story he has inherited from MICHAEL CRONIN, GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD and LAURENCE MEYNELL.

Each of the first three of the five bestseller authors of this thriller has deftly tossed the ball to his successor on a note of suspense.

And Dennis Wheatley's final chapter on Monday? That is intriguing you, and L. P. HARTLEY, who will write the concluding instalments.

WILL YOU JOIN THE DANCE? and, of course, the Party

FOR quantity as opposed to quality, the Communists here find their best recruiting grounds in the sparsely populated, poorly-developed regions of the north and east.

The sterile soil and marshy, forest-covered spaces are fertile fields indeed for Red agitators. Mobile cinemas plus a Communist orator make frequent visits to isolated villages and hamlets. Dances are arranged in rural communities. The Finns, who love dancing, are particularly easy for the Communists to win over. Lanning's preventive car to Communist and Finnish

Helsinki, while the band takes a rest. Furthermore, specially-trained commercial travellers carry the Red "gospel" to really remote cottages; and, of course, the Peace Partisans engage in door-to-door canvassing everywhere.

No other party has the funds the Communists dispose of, or the officials who can give in such time. A 1953 directive from the Finnish Communist Party's headquarters gave every local sub-organization a "collective" target of new members to be reached by the end of the year. Lanning's preventive car to Communist and Finnish

Three years ago the Finnish Communist Party announced: "The Party's political line has been correct, but its achievements are not satisfactory and its popular basis not wide enough. Now, the executive states: 'On our opinion, Communism has not grown sufficiently in Finland. Only one person in four is a Communist or supports Communism.'"

That it should be a Communist Party is paradoxical, because Finland is Finland's most democratic country. The Communist Party's line is now: "We must reach the masses by the end of the year. We must reach the masses by the end of the year. We must reach the masses by the end of the year."

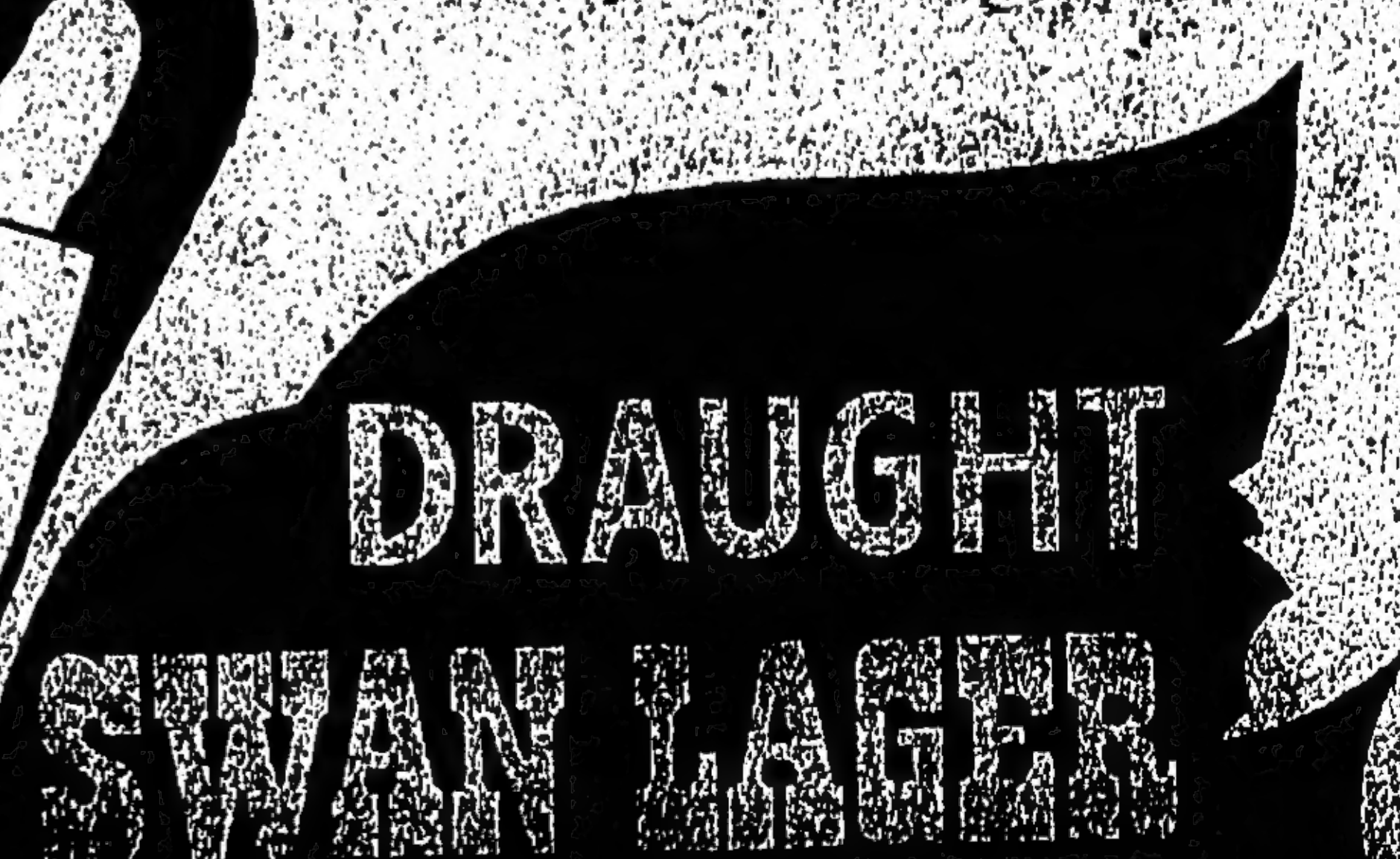
but, needless to say, members of the "League" vote as the Finnish Communist Party tells them to vote.

Foreign advisers find the Finns rather complacent about their Communists. On the one hand, it is a fact that there is substantially no danger from the Reds in the defence forces, the police, the broadcasting services, the postal services. Nevertheless, the Red fifth column could cause a lot of trouble in the future, and in the meantime, the Communists are busy with their propaganda and construction work.

Lanning's preventive car to Communist and Finnish

NOW AVAILABLE IN HONG-KONG

I am here at last and available for CLUBS, HOTELS, RESTAURANTS and PRIVATE PARTIES.



First real peep into the private life of Mr. Gladstone... even the famous disagreed for they called him a GREAT MAN... a GREAT FRAUD

He dined with the Queen, and rescued fallen women

THREE men — Lloyd George, Bonar Law, and Clemenceau — were discussing Gladstone on the terrace of the House of Commons.

Lloyd George had unreservedly expressed the view that Gladstone was a great man. Bonar Law shook his head in emphatic disagreement. "I think he was a great fraud," he said.

Lloyd George, visibly annoyed, was about to protest when Clemenceau, ever the peace-maker, threw his arms about both men and said, "All great men are great frauds."

There is much in Sir Philip Magnus's biography of Gladstone (John Murray, 28s.) to substantiate Clemenceau's cynical generalization.

For in this life of a man who began his political career as a Tory and ended it as a Liberal, conscience was constantly battling with expediency.

Back-tracking

THROUGHOUT his 60 years in the Commons his mind was ever back-tracking on itself, changing, veering with the times, and more often than not each shift of opinion coincided with his political ambitions.

But since Gladstone's politics were rooted in dogmatic religion—in a towering and fierce faith in the Church of England—he could rationalise each mental somersault, each inconsistency over overruling duty or the will of God.

Thus what Gladstone could preen himself on as a gift for timing, his enemies equated with opportunism and greed for office.

And there suspicions of Gladstone's motives were summed up in the famous remark of Labouchere's, who had said that he had no objection to Gladstone's habit of concealing the see of trumps up his sleeve, but he did object strongly to his assumption that God had put it there.

Perhaps no aspect of Gladstone's career gave rise to more misunderstandings and more charges of hypocrisy than his relations with women.

So gross were the charges levelled against Gladstone, and so distorted were the interpretations placed upon his conduct with women that his sons provoked a libel action some 30

years after their father's death in order to protect his reputation.

The result of that action was to level these canards for ever. And now in Sir Philip Magnus's biography—the first extensive peep into Gladstone's private life—we can see for ourselves the circumstances that provoked these ugly whispers that pursued Gladstone's name like some malevolent cloud.

Much of Gladstone's life was spent coping with the thoughts, the prejudices, and the follies of women. He never understood them and most of them were terrified by him.

Although Gladstone was her Prime Minister four times (the last when he was 82) Queen Victoria so nurtured her dislike of the man that it had swollen to loathing before he died.

Gladstone, austere, self-righteous, was never capable of flattering the Queen in the subtle manner of Disraeli, who so enchanted her.

Nor would he ever unbend or give way to her on matters that he considered sound governmental principle. Thus he refused to support a motion for the purchase of a small amount of ground for the Albert Memorial. And Kensington Gardens because the sum had not appeared in the original estimate.

He tried to get the Queen to allow the Prince of Wales to serve as Viceroy of Ireland and pressed his wishes so hard and so bluntly that the Queen remarked that "Mr. Gladstone would have liked to govern her—Bismarck governs the Emperor."

She found in his manner an overbearing obstinacy and im-

periousness she never experienced from anyone else.

So violent did this antipathy grow that when Gladstone died she could not be persuaded to announce in the Court Circular any regret. And she was greatly displeased that her son (Edward VII) and her grandson (George V) acted as pall-bearers.

Another woman Gladstone never understood was his sister Helen.

The demanding atmosphere of her home life and an

undoubtedly there was one woman to whom Gladstone's forbidding and austere personality was completely comprehensible. That was his wife Catherine.

Throughout their long life together they were devoted and happy couple. Both were indifferent to society and entertaining, and at home Gladstone was an affectionate and congenial father to his seven children.

And because Gladstone considered it his duty to avoid being ill because it wasted so much time, his wife engaged him all his life.

It was, however, the charitable work in which Gladstone and his wife were engaged that stimulated the most vicious rumours about Gladstone's personal habits.

They undertook to rescue prostitutes from the streets, and for this purpose not only founded a number of homes in the Piccadilly-Soho district but actually prowled the streets in search of converts.

"Gladstone's method," writes Magnus "was to walk the streets by night, alone, or at least one evening a week armed with a stout stick for protection, which he wandered into unfrequented districts."

At first he liked to wait for prostitutes to accost him, and he would then reply with courtesy, simplicity, and charm.

"But he would often accost women himself, and suggest that they should accompany him home, where he told them that they would be treated with respect by his wife and by himself, and that they would be given food and shelter."

Gladstone kept a record of every case, and after a spell by the seaside to regain their health the women went back to their former occupation, he never scolded them or lost his patience. He went after them again and again, pursuing them into bootshops if necessary.

This work, which he continued vigorously, even when he was Prime Minister, was naturally a subject of much gossip in the clubs where it was usually misconstructed.

During his period of unpopularity his followers were all

terrified lest some incident arise that might spark a major scandal in the press. Once he was trailed by a blackmailer who demanded a job in the Inland Revenue for keeping quiet about seeing the great statesman talking to prostitutes.

Gladstone had him arrested, appeared as a witness in the magistrate's court, and the youth was sentenced to 12 months' hard labour.

Another time Gladstone rescued a woman who had a liaison with a man at the very top of the social tree. She had been provided with a house in Brompton Square and a carriage and pair.

The horses were kept at a neighbouring livery stable, and when the proprietor learned that Gladstone was responsible for the woman's "rescue," he threatened to sue Gladstone for the balance of the account.

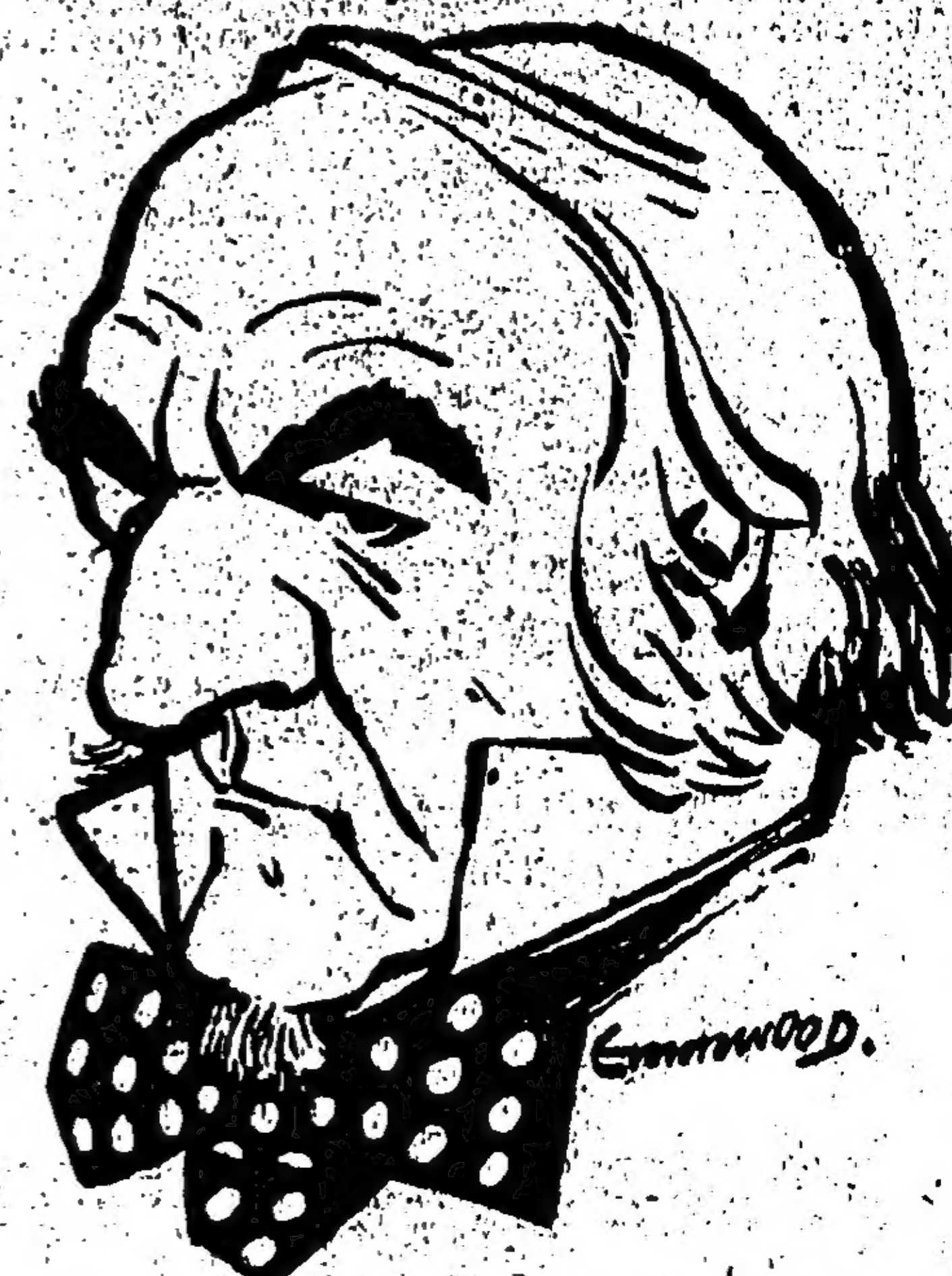
When, in 1886, hatred against Gladstone was intense because of his support of Home Rule, his colleagues realised that something had to be done to stop the old man's activities.

Already, it was believed, the Queen had heard the stories, and had been appropriately shocked by them.



LILY LANGTRY

Her friendship with Gladstone was cause for anxiety



AMBITIOUS... AUSTERE... SELF-RIGHTEOUS

"He assumed God put the ace up his sleeve."

He was approached by a friend and warned that the calumnies could no longer be disregarded. Even friendly people were at a loss to understand his behaviour.

The Prime Minister, thought the matter over for two days and agreed never to speak to women in the streets at night.

He added, however, there were two cases which he was not prepared to drop altogether. But even this promise did not prevent him occasionally from talking to prostitutes.

Another delicate matter that caused anxiety to Gladstone's friends was his friendship with Lily Langtry, the loveliest woman of her day.

She was a friend of the Prince of Wales, and her reputation was such at that time that few houses would receive her. Gladstone was on the most friendly terms with the Prince, and he knew that the Prince was annoyed by society's treatment of Mrs. Langtry.

He called on her himself, found her charming, and even gave her a code-sign which was used by a few privileged people to send him letters which would not be opened by the private secretaries.

Mrs. Langtry often used the privilege.

It was not unnatural, then, that there were rumours that Mrs. Langtry was the Prime Minister's mistress. They persisted long after Gladstone had died, and it was not until the libel action in which Gladstone's

sons were involved that it was finally exploded.

Mrs. Langtry was then still alive, and in a telegram from Monte Carlo to counsel "strongly repudiated" the slanderous accusations.

But the compassion shown by Gladstone in his work with the prostitutes was never reflected in his attitude to any proposed reforms in the matter of marriage or divorce.

He used every method he could to prevent a broadening of the opportunities for divorce.

Up until 1857, divorce was only available to the wealthy, for it could only be procured through a private Act of Parliament. It was an expensive and time-wasting business.

It was a Bill to establish a Divorce Court—thus opening the procedure of divorce to the middle-class—which Gladstone fought with every parliamentary method he could devise, including obstruction.

This knowledge never deterred him from negotiating with Parnell, actually through Mrs. O'Shea, when Parnell was trying to get out of gaol after he had been imprisoned under the Coercion Act.

No compromise

AN even more telling illustration of his refusal to compromise in any way over his views about domestic life was his conduct over a public memorial that was being sponsored for the philosopher John Stuart Mill.

Gladstone had greatly admired Mill and agreed to allow his name to be associated with those sponsoring the memorial. But, unfortunately, he learned that as a young man Mill had advocated birth control. Scandalised, he withdrew his name from the list of sponsors, and would not put it back even when he was assured the allegation was untrue.

Yet, though Gladstone's public attitude on divorce was always fierce and unbending, there is evidence that he was prepared to adopt a more tolerant viewpoint where his own political position was involved.

Throughout Queen Victoria's reign no politician could hope to remain in office if it were proved he had been guilty of adultery. A scandalous charge was brought against Gladstone's Administration was that in which Sir Charles Dilke, a prominent leader of the Liberal Party, was involved.

So unsavoury were the circumstances in which Dilke was named, was named as co-respondent in a divorce action brought by a Scottish lady, Mrs. Donald Crawford, that

that it was commemorated in a music-hall jingle:

Charles Dilke Spilt the Milk On his way back from Chelsea.

It was told by one of the Irish members that when Gladstone learned that Crawford intended to sue Dilke as co-respondent he sent an emissary to Crawford to find out if he could be induced to drop the proceedings.

Crawford intimated that he was prepared to forget the matter if he were granted a judgeship when the Liberals were next in office. "A Scottish judgeship," asked the emissary, Mr. Crawford wanted an English one.

A divorce

THE emissary considered the proposal so immoral that he did not bother to report it to Gladstone. However, when a few days later Gladstone inquired about the matter he was not nearly as shocked as his emissary had been at Crawford's demand. "I think Crawford would make a judge," he mused, after a thoughtful pause.

The Dilke story does not appear in Magnus's biography. But he does tell in considerable detail of another divorce action that had more serious repercussions for Gladstone and his party.

This was the notorious affair of Charles Parnell and Mrs. Kitty O'Shea. In committing himself to Home Rule Gladstone had bound up the fortunes of the Liberal Party with that of a band of Irish M.P.s led by Parnell.

The liaison between Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea had been known to most leading politicians for years. Even O'Shea himself had condoned it, and he had only brought a divorce action in a fit of revenge when he found that he could no longer expect to get any political office through Parnell.

Party split

BUT Parnell's retirement as leader of the Irish Party was now essential if Gladstone was to have any chance of implementing Home Rule. He was advised by his colleagues, particularly John Morley, to ask Parnell to step down. Parnell refused, the Irish Party was split, and the nation disgusted. Gladstone was no longer prepared to accept Home Rule.

Sir Philip Magnus says that the scandal "came as an utter surprise" to Gladstone. It is a true story. Gladstone must have been naive to the point of obtuseness. For seven years before Gladstone had received a letter telling him that Mrs. O'Shea was Parnell's mistress.

This knowledge never deterred him from negotiating with Parnell, actually through Mrs. O'Shea, when Parnell was trying to get out of gaol after he had been imprisoned under the Coercion Act.

No evidence

AN additional beam of light has been thrown on this turbulent episode of history by Frank Owen's forthcoming biography of Lloyd George. For Lloyd George, according to Owen, insisted that it was John Morley, not Gladstone, who convinced the Liberals that Parnell had to go. And that when this "could integrity" had won Gladstone's admiration, was himself of the time living with a woman to whom he was not married. The story is so startling that it is a pity Frank Owen offers no other evidence of its truth than a hearsay remark by Gladstone.

Times it was a woman, Kitty O'Shea, who in the end struck the most disastrous blow at Gladstone's hopes for his party. At the height of the Parnell crisis, an Irish M.P. cried in an outraged voice: "Was to Ireland her leader, now fallen... fallen to a prostitute... (and then the crowning perdition)..." a British MP.

And not only an Irish leader had fallen. The Liberal Party never again regained its former glory. And Gladstone's greatest goal—Home Rule for Ireland—was "blacked out" him by a scandal.

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WHERE THEY CAN'T DO MUCH BUT TALK

Strasbourg. THE political battle for Europe is now being fought in the most elaborate prefab in France.

The headquarters of the Council of Europe were built in five months on a football pitch in the Orangerie, one of Strasbourg's public parks.

It looks as solid as the new Board of Trade building in Whitehall. In fact, it is mainly wood, plaster and fibre board. Even so it cost £200,000.

Permanent staff totals 282, ranging from the Secretary-General, M. Marchal of France to the cleaners. Deputy

Secretary-General, Mr. A. H. Lincoln, and 42 others are British.

Their salaries are not disclosed, but come out of the council's annual budget of £750,000. Of that, the Big Four—Britain, France, Germany, and Italy—each pay £180,000.

What do the taxpayers get for their money? One of the official handbooks puts it this way: "From its first sessions, the council has clearly assumed the role of a forum of European public opinion." And that in Europe's postage stamp, only one word means—TALK.

The assembly's 182 members are all M.P.s chosen by their own Parliaments in proportion to the political parties.

What can this gaggle of M.P.s do but talk? Nothing. They are not delegates, but individuals. They can commit neither their Governments nor their parties.

In five years the assembly has made 156 recommendations, passed 82 resolutions, and expressed seven opinions.

They cover topics of subjects ranging from fishing in the North Sea to extradition and the possibility of a common European postage stamp. Only 45 of the recommendations have been fully carried out.

The assembly's 182 members are all M.P.s chosen by their

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JOHNNY HAZARD

Johnny Hazard is a young man who has just won a large sum of money in a lottery. He is now in a state of great excitement and is looking for a way to spend his money.

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By Frank Robbins

Johnny Hazard is a young man who has just won a large sum of money in a lottery. He is now in a state of great excitement and is looking for a way to spend his money.

this situation

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



Paris brings red to the top for new winter hat styles. The glamorous Rébe cocktail beret (left) is richly embroidered with chenille velvet and sequins and worn on the side of the head secured by a satin ribbon. It is made in three contrasting tones of red. The cocktail model (centre) is held in place by a broad red satin ribbon. It is in brocade, and the rising cost of setting up a separate house. Red in two different shades is used for the braid-trimmed beret style (right) by Claude St. Cyr.

IN PARIS RED GOES TO THE HEAD—AND LONDON ADDS A GAY NOTE IN EARRINGS



The prettiest earrings are rarely the most expensive. Here is something as effective as diamonds—and a good deal more amusing. The tiny baskets of brightly coloured fruits are light in weight. They also look lovely filled with flowers.

How to live happily with mother-in-law

By EILEEN ASCROFT

SHE is wonderful or terrible. She is the mainstay of the family or the millstone round its neck. She is the embodiment of the old music-hall joke or the answer to every young-married's prayer. She is the mother-in-law.

After the break-up of the large family circles of Victorian times, mother-in-law became little more than a family joke. But three factors in our time have brought her back into family prominence.

It started with the post-war housing shortage, when so many young couples had to share a home with one

set of parents. Other factors are the ever-increasing life-span of the female sex; and the rising cost of setting up a separate house.

What part does the mother-in-law play off-stage today?

I have been talking to several young couples who have a mother-in-law living with them as a permanent member of the family.

"She is my mother, but war housing shortage, when so many young couples had to share a home with one

flat, does the shopping, and looks after baby Peter Lindsay. Without her I just couldn't continue my career.

"The secret of living happily with a mother-in-law in the house," says Lind, "is for each generation to lead its own life."

"My mother has her own bedroom and sitting-room and her own television set. She doesn't share our friends and we don't share hers."

"She never interferes," is the slogan of many other happy daughters-in-law, including Mrs. Gerald Legge and Phyllis Calvert, and son-in-law Denham Elliott.

How much wiser has mother-in-law become since Victorian days. She no longer wants to run the house, organise the babies or criticise the young folks' budget.

Nowadays she appears when she is most wanted, sits up with the baby when he is feeling unwell, takes over the sickroom when there is illness, and drops in just in time to cope with the family mending.

She has her own friends and interests and is happy with her own company. She is one of the major home revolutions of our times.

Another tribute to mother-in-law comes from actor Hugh McDermott. Mrs. Cole spends the great part of the year with her daughter and son-in-law at their farmhouse in Northwood.

"Charming, helpful and a wonderful baby-sitter," is Hugh's verdict on his mother-in-law. Unlike most dragons in the fairy tales, she doesn't try to dictate. One rule for smooth relationships in the McDermott household is that mother-in-law stays out of the kitchen when the young people are using it.

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Modification Of Dior's H-line

By Dorothy Barkley

ENGLISH views on French fashion and French views on English fashion are always good for an argument. If Englishwomen aren't talking about the latest fashion "scare" from Paris and swearing they won't adopt it, then Frenchwomen are wondering why the Englishwoman must always wear those tweeds and felt hats.

Here comes one designer who should know all the answers for both sides of the Channel. Half English, half French, he has worked with "the great" of both London and Paris. His name is Donald Dunton, and he has just set up business on his own in London.

Marking the occasion with a fashion show, he made diplomatic attempts to be fair to both English and French women.

On the Frenchwoman's attitude to fashion: "She has ideas of her own. You can never force new fashion onto a Frenchwoman. She knows just what she wants. And, as she is good with a needle, she can usually make it for herself."

A COMPROMISE

On the Englishwoman's attitude: "It is true that she has become much more fashion-conscious since the war, and that her home-dress-making has improved tremendously, but it is still possible to influence her ideas on fashion."

For that reason, Mr. Dunton thinks Englishwomen will adopt the new "H-line," even though they say they won't. If they do, it will be a modified version of the extreme line that was shown in Paris.

To illustrate his modifications, there was a collection of three new styles. The first was a "smock" dress with a close-fitting bodice and a full skirt. The second was a dress with a high collar and a full skirt. The third was a dress with a high collar and a full skirt.

London. "second waist" at hip level. Coats, for instance, have a second belt slung round the skirt at hip level.

From his collection, it is clear that he likes the bold and dramatic. He showed a high-waisted, man's cloak in thick tweed, with a matching fringed scarf. He chose cloche hats in pink or white felt to go with his designs. And, he decorated a simple tweed dress by putting buttons all the way down one sleeve from shoulder to wrist.

Ever since Italian designers turned their thoughts to streamlining sportswear, London sports designs have been given a new lease of life. Italian trends are followed faithfully in London by wholesale designers. Some of the big stores, and at least one of the "bargain basement" chain stores, buy directly from the Italians or have an Italian designing specially for them.

NEW MATERIALS

This has brought to Britain not only a big improvement in styles, but an influx of new, Italian-produced materials. Some of these were seen at the Dorylle show recently. Hard-wearing, suede-finished cotton, used for golf skirts and jeans, was one of them; fine poplin, printed with a complex design and made into shirts, was another.

But the fact that Italians have given a boost to styles does not mean that our own designers have run out of new fashion ideas. Far from it. The latest batch included shirts and sweaters.

The new shirts were in unusual colours and fancy materials. One of Dorylle's styles, a shirt with long sleeves, was in a new material, a soft, velvety fabric. It was a shirt with a high collar and a full skirt.

The new sweaters were in a variety of styles. Some were in a soft, velvety fabric. Some were in a soft, velvety fabric. Some were in a soft, velvety fabric.

1955 Fashion Forecast

Miss Corbet, who at the time of this interview, wore pale blonde, also mentioned a new shade called pink champagne. This looks like the bubbly beverage, and also about the same shade as the pink cotton candy you buy at carnivals. This, too, is suggested only for the woman with daring.

"The new colours have more depth and tone," Miss Corbet said. "The new colours have more depth and tone," Miss Corbet said. "The new colours have more depth and tone," Miss Corbet said.

There are two colours left for the woman who insists on soft colour—moonlight mist, a grey-blue shade and orchid mist, which leans to the lavender.

Incidentally, the hairdressers have their own version of Dior's "flat look." They are pushing the "plateau look," in which the hair is arranged with height and bulk at the temples. This last tone is deeper than auburn, but minus any trace of orange seen in some of the red shades.

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Golden Fruits And Rich Jewellery Inspire

New Hair Shades

HAIR-COLOURING has come a long way since the first woman dared to use a henna rinse. Now, her crowning glory has taken on the colours of something to eat or drink.

The National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists is out with a long list of new shades—some bold, some subtle, but all a far cry from nature.

Start with one of the bolder colours—called ice cream. It's pale green, reminiscent of a soda fountain concoction. It is recommended only for the self-assured woman who has both time and money to spend on upkeep, according to Miss Bernice Corbet, a Kansas City, Mo., beautician, and member of the association's hair fashion committee.

PALE TONES OUT

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To remove stains from enamelware, make a solution of baking soda and soft or softened water, then boil the utensil in this. But to remove the usual mild stains, a little baking soda on a damp cloth will do.

Be imaginative. Flowers look charming in interesting containers. If you look around your home, you will probably find many old vases, copper saucepans and other oddments which might be used in decorative displays of too many to count. The idea is to build a charming look, which is a novel place for a flower arrangement.

When it comes time to store summer clothing and pack up beach equipment, place them in clearly labelled pasteboard boxes. It takes just a minute to jot down the contents of each box on a label and paste it on the box, and it can be a great time-saver in locating them next year.

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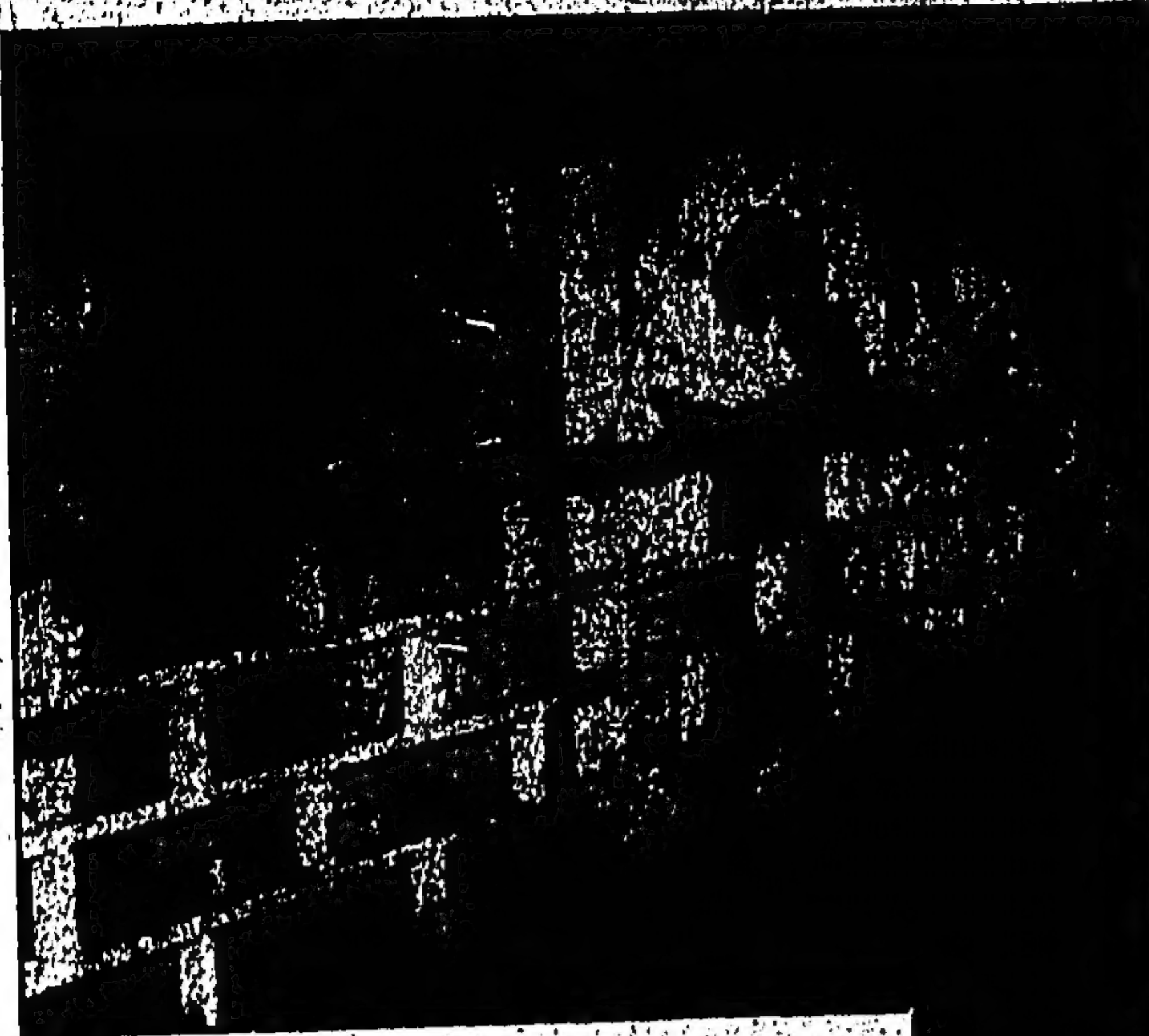
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MEMBERS of the Australian Association of Hongkong and many friends enjoyed an excellent fish dinner at an Aberdeen floating restaurant last week. Diners were able to select their own fish from the tank sampan moored near by, as seen in picture above. Right: One of the many parties, including Mr and Mrs H. C. Menzies, Mr and Mrs W. S. T. Louey, Mr and Mrs R. J. V. Everest and Mr and Mrs W. T. Charles. (Staff Photographer)



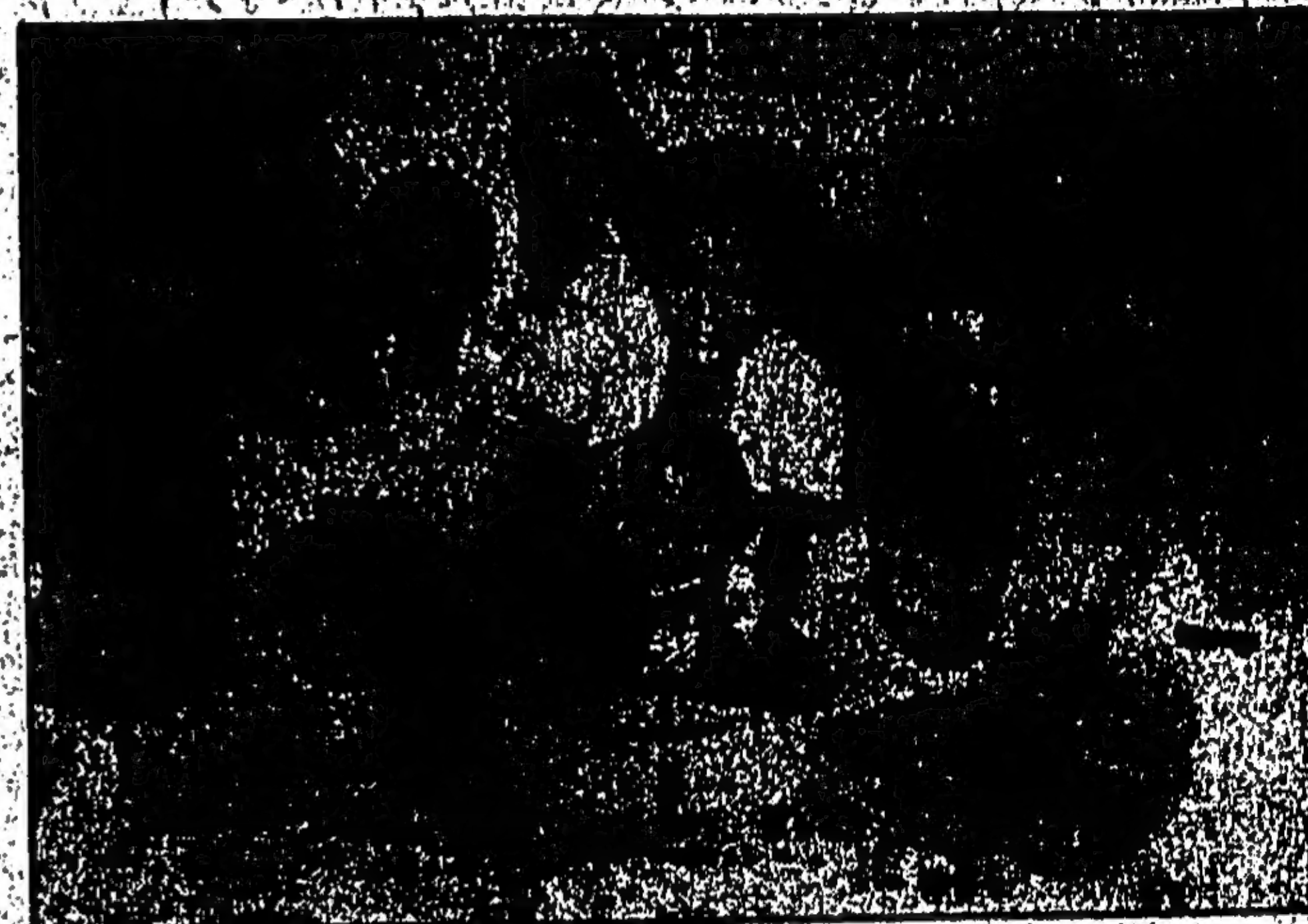
THE Officer Administering the Government, Mr R. B. Black, saw the work of a number of local factories last week. Here, at the Hongkong Rubber Factory, he is watching how rubber tees for shoes are turned out. With him is Miss Pauline Chan. (Staff Photographer)



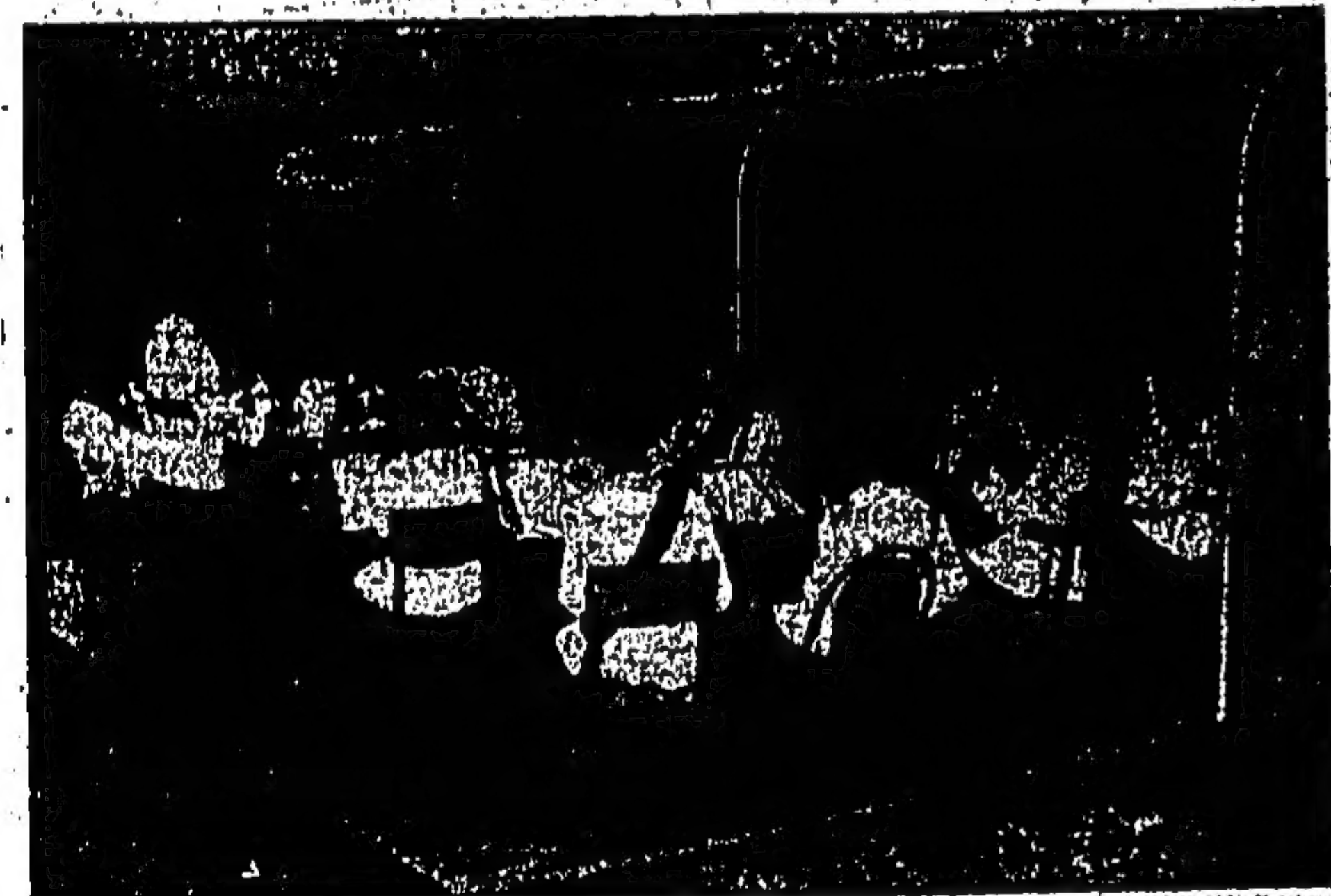
SGT. Cheung Hon-kan receiving from Major Gen. R. C. Cuddes, C.O. Land Forces, the Championship Shield awarded to No. 4 Platoon at the 17th passing-out parade of recruits of the Hongkong Chinese Training Unit. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Jackie (third from left), daughter of Mr and Mrs Lawrence Leung, cutting the cake at a party celebrating her seventh birthday. (Ming Yuen)

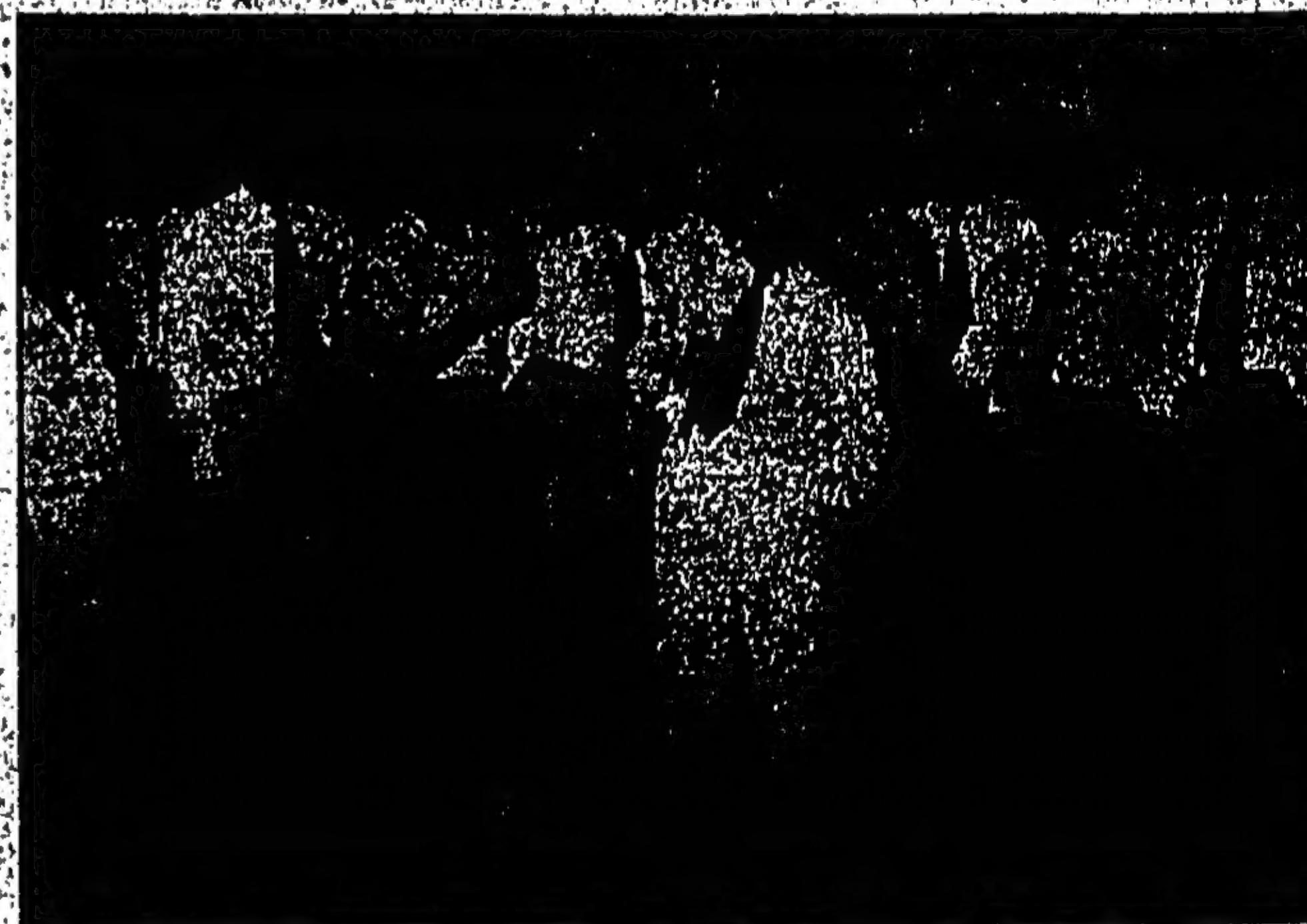


LITTLE Carlos Manuel De Luz Jr., son of Mr and Mrs C. M. De Luz, cuts his birthday cake with the help of his mother. Little Carlos was one year old last week.



LEFT: The Band of the 1st Battalion, The Welch Regiment, at the open air concert which was given last Sunday morning at the Officers' Club, USRC. (Staff Photographer)

A parasol race—one of the unusual events at the children's splash party held at the Ladies Recreation Club recently. (Staff Photographer)



ABOVE, right: Burmese residents of Hongkong met together at a cocktail party last week at the Chung San Club. It was a big success, and more gatherings of the type are planned. (Victor)

BELOW: The Choir of Heep Yunn Girls' School, which made a fine impression at the School concert given at the Grantham Training College on Sunday. The conductor is Mr Francis Chung. (Staff Photographer)



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COOLS in summer
HEATS in winter
PHILCO Thermo-Cool
AIR-CONDITIONER



MR T. R. G. Fletcher, Canadian Trade Commissioner, spoke on many aspects of Canadian life and the Dominion's role in world affairs when he addressed members of the YWCA last Tuesday. Picture was taken during the afternoon. (Staff Photographer)



AT the baptism at St. Andrew's Church last Sunday of Helen Margaret, infant daughter of Captain and Mrs. H. G. Wilson. (Mainland)



TWO of the teams that played at the opening of the ladies' hockey league last Saturday. 'Recreio "A"' at top, defeated King George V School "B" team, in lower photo. (Staff Photographer)

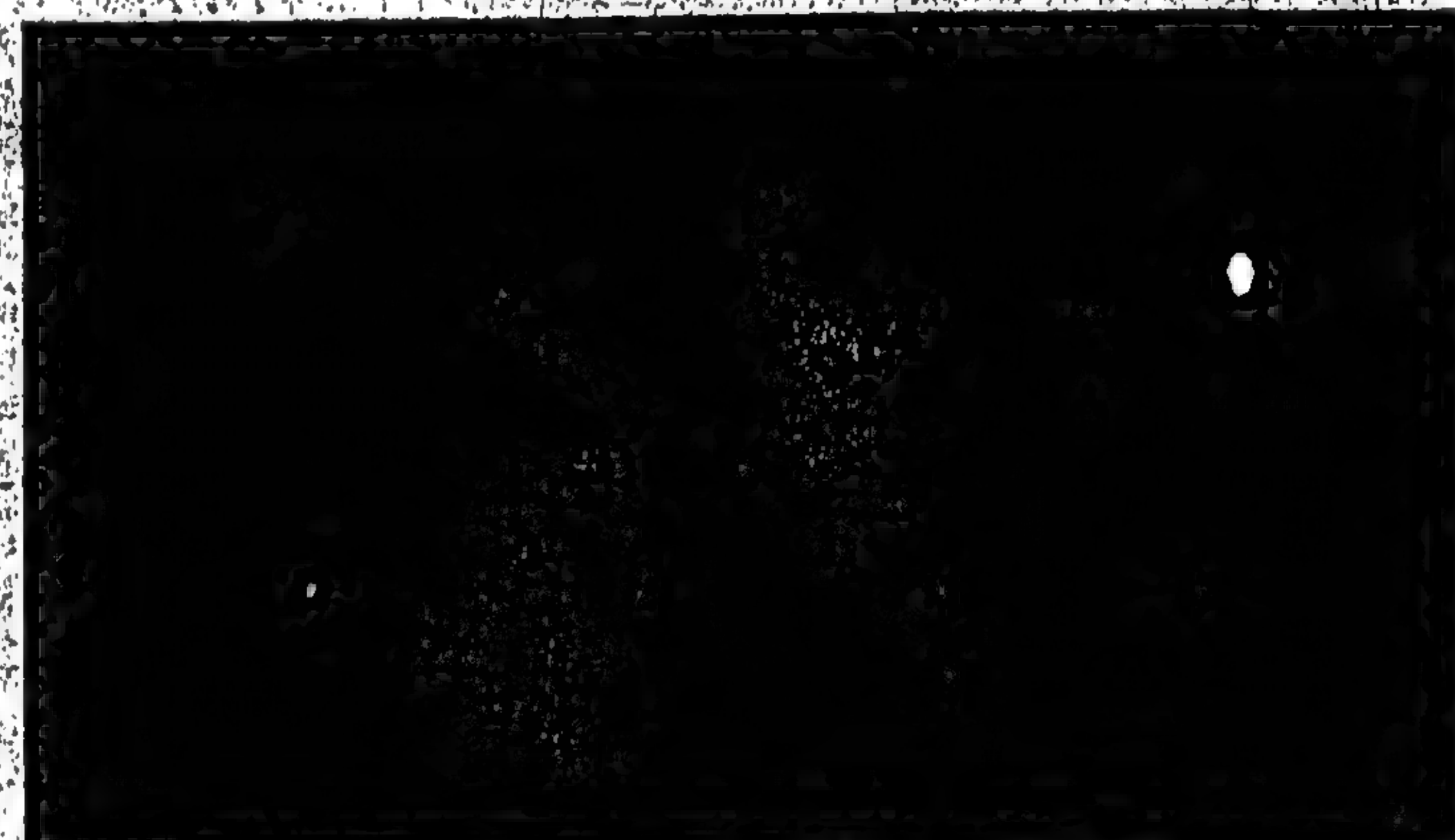


Mr C. N. Li in a jovial mood at the annual cocktail party of the Eastern Athletic Association, held on Monday last. Eastern's Chairman, Mr. Chan Shu-woon, is on extreme left. (Staff Photographer)

AT last week's birthday party of Dr and Mrs A. W. Dawson-Grove's two daughters, Jan and Ann, who are seated in the middle of the second row, celebrated their fourth and fifth birthdays. (Willie's).



RIGHT: Teams representing Hongkong Cricket Club and Kowloon Cricket Club who played in the annual Hancock Shield match last week-end. The former won. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at the christening of Margot Patricia, daughter of Mr and Mrs W. O. Franklin, at the Union Church, Kennedy Road. (Staff Photographer)

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M. Mendès-France is recovering from influenza. *NEWS ITEM*

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SEFTON DELMER

is back from a tour of Red Germany with a news slant

Imagine BRIGHTON run by (AND FOR) Communists

TRY to imagine Brighton with all its hotels and boarding-houses barred to the general public because they have been permanently taken over by the trades unions.

Try to imagine the whole of Brighton and its neighbouring resorts turned into a vast holiday camp virtually reserved for trade union members and their families.

Imagine everything else in the place controlled either by the State or a trade union organisation—the dance halls, the shops, the restaurants, even the cockle and souvenir kiosks.

And—if it is not too much of a strain—try to imagine, on top of all this, a battery of loud-speakers booming away all day long from every conceivable and inconceivable vantage point on beach and prom, a continuous programme of music interlarded with political pep talks.

That is exactly what I found last week in Heringsdorf.

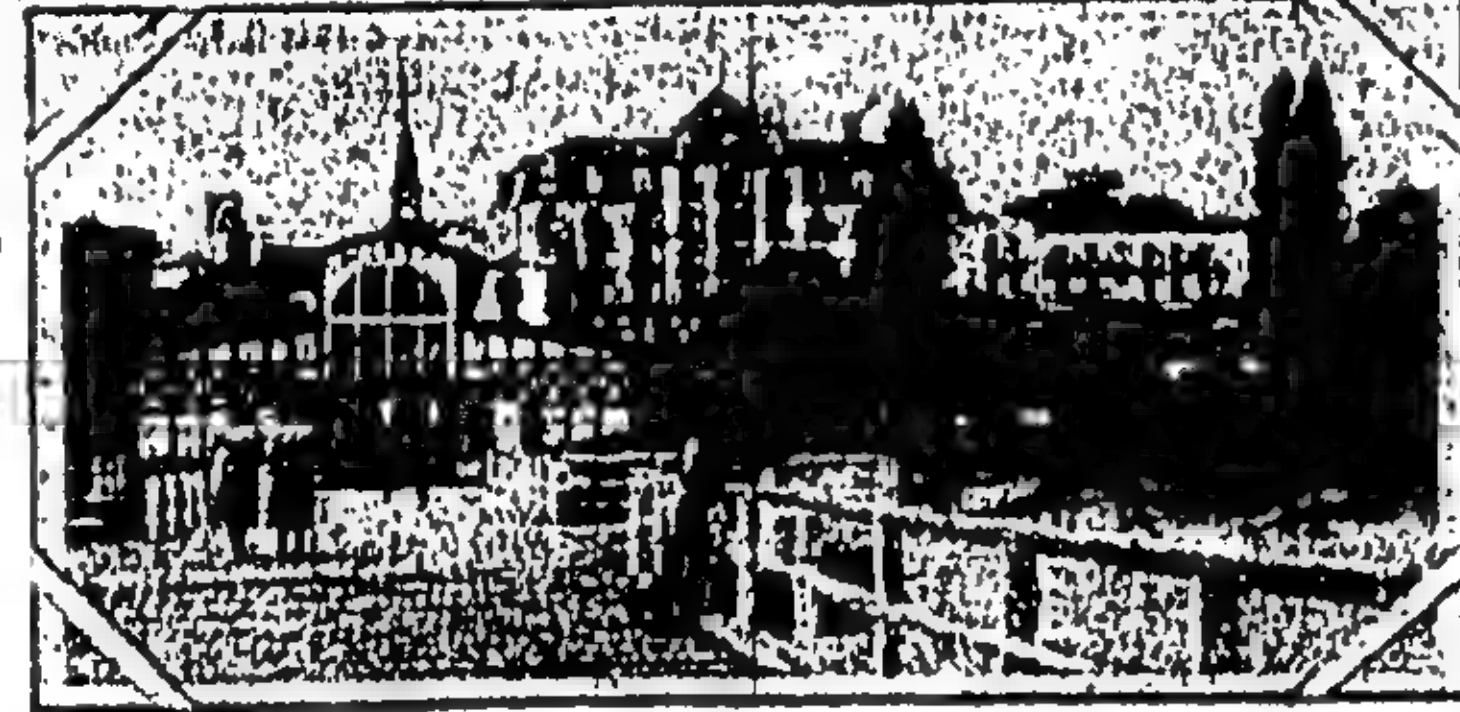
'Paradise'

WITH a Soviet visa in my passport, an East German Foreign Office official to escort me, and an official car to transport me, I drove into this Baltic seaside resort which used to be the Brighton of Berlin but now after the fall of the Iron Curtain is only the Brighton of East Berlin.

I was taken straight to an enormous "Workers' Paradise" called Solidarity House.

It took me several minutes before I identified it.

It was the old Hotel Atlantic which, when I was last in Heringsdorf, was still famous as Germany's most expensive, most luxurious, and most exclusive seaside hotel.



The pier at Heringsdorf is "restricted"—after all, even a spy could look like a holidaymaker. That is "Solidarity House" in the background.

a tenth of an average worker's monthly salary is what each guest pays for a 13-day holiday.

And that includes all entertainment, a private bathing hut on the beach, theatre, dancing, and music-hall.

The charge is the same whether the trade unionist stays in the moulding glory of Solidarity, in the expropriated luxury villa of banker Bleichroeder or like me, in put into lodgings which must have been the Heringsdorf equivalent of "Sea View" (two minutes from the sea).

Frankly, I had expected these German holiday-makers to be a pretty miserable lot. I had expected almost everyone in East Germany to be browned-off (or, if you prefer it, redded-up) with the regimentation of their so-called Democratic Republic.

For before I made this trip I had taken the trouble to visit Berlin reception camps for East zone refugees, who were still coming in at the rate of more than 2,000 a week rather than remain a moment longer in the People's Paradise.

Yet these trade unionists in Heringsdorf and in other resorts along the coast looked to me just as cheery and gay as the holidaymakers I used to see in Baltic resorts in the past.

One important difference I did note. It is a significant one. This was the attitude of the holidaymakers to the occasional soldier and sailor from East Germany's Soviet-equipped and Soviet-directed army and navy.

In the old days the Germans would have been all over themselves to make much of their "brave boys." This time on the

beach of Heringsdorf they just ignored them.

Later that evening I attended a dance at Solidarity House—a most enjoyable affair with a musical clown, an amateur conjurer, and an excellent band.

I tried a little pilsenite with my dancing, partners—a hairdresser from Erfurt, an apprentice in a machine tool works, a typist.

"Why don't you really like the K.V.P.?" (K.V.P. are the initials under which the People's Police are known.)

"Kindly the girls were quite ready to talk. It was the hairdresser who gave me the most outspoken answer and I think it sums up what the other two were getting at. "These K.V.P. are a rabble," she said, "and besides, they don't really belong to us."

I think I am not far off in interpreting her as meaning that she resented these German volunteer soldiers as the tools of Soviet and not German interests.

So improved

I HAVE been observing the life of the workers at work as well as at play. And there is no doubt that, materially, things have vastly improved since I was in the East zone five years back.

The gap between East and West is no longer so much against the Soviet zone that its rulers cannot afford to lift the Iron Curtain and let West Germany see what life is like with them.

Also, it is in the political field, with all its various forms of pressure, favouritism, and discrimination that go with the Communist insistence on conformity, that life in the Soviet zone is still unbearable.

Unbearable to the point of flight.

Monday: What happens to justice?

They bought equipment on the hire-purchase, cash registers, and coffee machines. Now, instead of one waitress, they employ seven, and instead of gloomy prophecies their weekly turnover in both branches is £300.

Now their enterprise is being copied. Others are going into this business. It is competition. But these young people are impatient for their new discovery.

They learned also to do for their new discovery. The secret of the new law was that the workers were to be paid more money.

William Hickey

ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER AND THE OYSTER WAS MINE...

THE sea looked rough when we got out of the car at Whitstable Harbour. The boats were swaying drunkenly at their moorings. Out at sea—and that was where we were going—every wave was creamed at the crest. A strong wind tugged at our coats.

"Huh!" said a local with a dash of London, "are you going out there with the party that's going to dredge oysters?" Yes, I replied firmly, trying hard to give my cloth cap a nautical twist.

"Huh!" said the ancient mariner, "you're all going to get wet. It's terrible out there. Ope they've got enough lifeboats on the boat."

"Oh!" I said jauntily. "We shan't need lifeboats. But as I make my way to the oyster-sheds I did think a little about lifeboats."

Black velvet

But in the sheds they had everything ready to make a landlubber happy in a trip on the Skylark. There the bottles were, and the champagne, stout, and gin. With boxes of little cheese savouries.

I settled for black velvet. It was a marvellous mixture of stout and champagne. After one glass I looked out through the windows of the office and said to an old salt, "Just a little choppy, isn't it?"

After a second, I was walking around on the timbers with what I hoped was a Hornblower air. "Hope it doesn't calm down," I was saying.

We clambered down the stairs and walked out to the quay-side. Some had borrowed rubber boots. Others, like Brian Reese and myself, tucked their trousers into their socks.

The sails were furled as we were going out under power. And the crew—all in black oilskins—had flitted up ropes round the decks to stop us joining the oysters on the sea-bed.

That ancient mariner There were about a dozen women in the party. They went aboard first. That ancient mariner had turned up again.

"You really going on this trip?" he said with a leer. "You won't last all be sick."

And then a few of his cronies turned up, and they all muttered and laughed among themselves.

Just as I was going down to the boat Leslie Hanson turned up. "E looks so much like a fish he'll be all right," said the ancient mariner. "E's just going to be natural 'ome."

But that black velvet is black magic. I climbed down with ease. We cast off. And soon we were heading out of harbour.

It was glorious. The spray came running. And around our feet. But E 107 was enjoying herself. And so was I. Whitstable is a lovely sight from the sea.

A low line of timber buildings, neat and clean. Time has made little difference to the little port. As we made our way to the oyster beds, Major Austin Gardner told me about the difficulties of an oyster's life. How the American borer, which came over about 80 years ago, bores a hole in the oyster's shell. How the starfish will grip hold of the wretched mollusc and suck the life out of it.

And he told me what I had suspected but had tried not to believe—that when you eat an oyster it is alive.

I call an oyster "it." Not that it is neuter in gender. But "it" is complicated. "It" changes its sex from time to time.

We were oddly enough, in calmer waters now. I hoped that cackling gang of insolent malins was watching us through glasses. For our oysters came more bottles of champagne and more crates of stout.

I had a pull at the dredge. Quite a small affair. A "knife" which runs along the sea-bed. A net behind to hold the catch. Up they came. About 200 shells. I had the first one opened. It was delicious. Brinner than they are in the restaurants. The flesh was plump and paler-cream in colour.

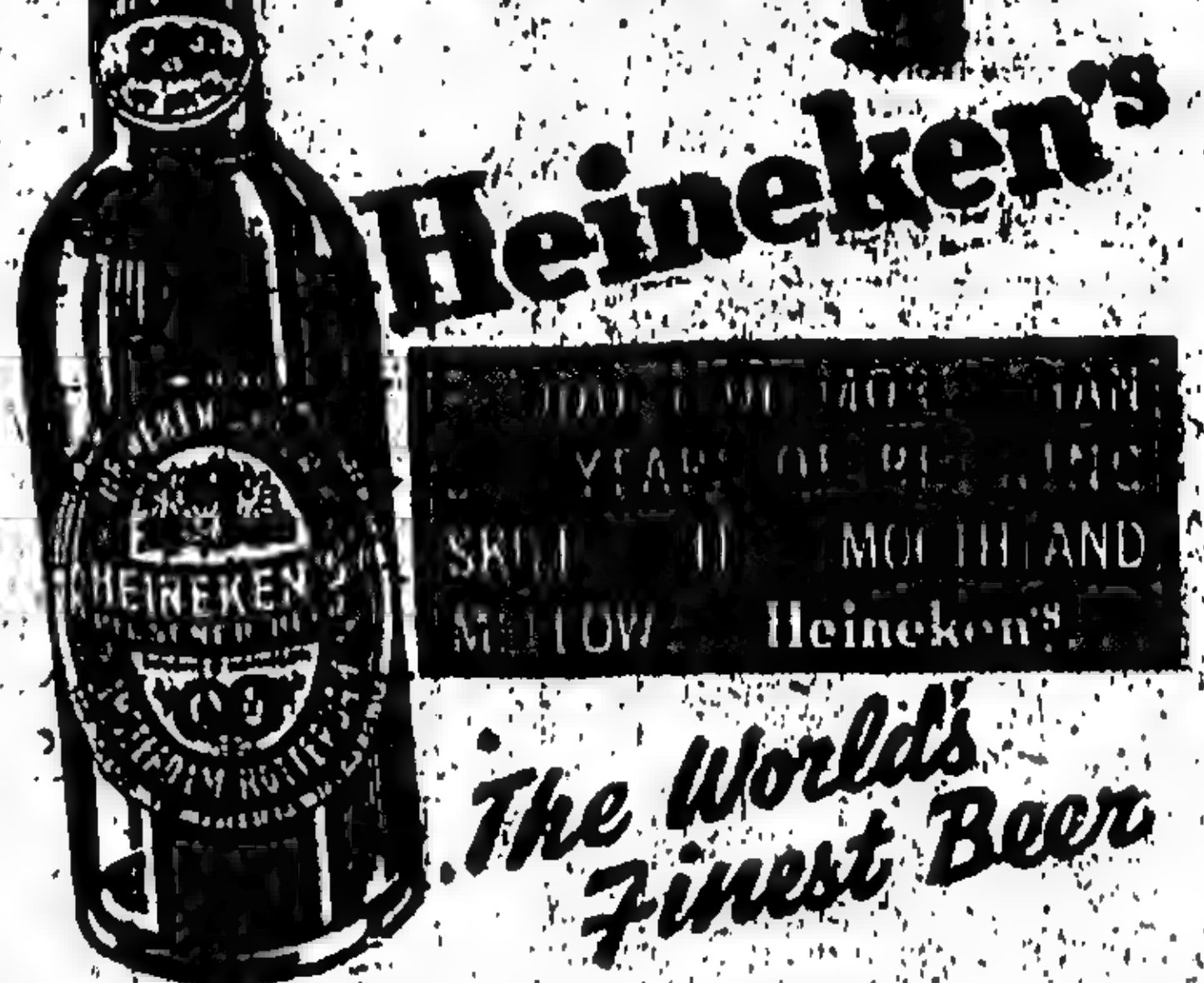
A dwindling band

Nelly Giles, who is 63 and has opened more than 6½ million oysters, groped in her bag and pulled out her knife.

A great character, Nelly. She works for Emma and Sid Williams, who run a restaurant near Charing Cross and who were giving the party.

I was sorry to turn for shore. We all seemed to have found our sea-legs. Even the penguins who had come on the trip.

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Soup Kitchens in Theatreland

By James Leasor

INTO this high summer of 1954—the most prosperous months London has seen for a decade—comes an echo from the years of depression of the 'thirties: soup kitchens.

Then there were vans with cauldrons of bubbling hot soup ladled out in charity with hunks of bread to the down-and-out and the unemployed.

Now soup kitchens have moved up west to Theatreland—Soho, Knightsbridge, Chelsea. They are new and gay and fashionable.

The story of their resurrection and their growing popularity is one that may interest the rival of the most famous of the 'thirties: the soup kitchen.

It was the old Hotel Atlantic which, when I was last in Heringsdorf, was still famous as Germany's most expensive, most luxurious, and most exclusive seaside hotel.

It was the old Hotel Atlantic which, when I was last in Heringsdorf, was still famous as Germany's most expensive, most luxurious, and most exclusive seaside hotel.

that soup served in coloured bowls could mean business. He discussed the scheme with friends. Three of them, also in their twenties—Susan Dennis from a dress house, Antony Furnival from the City, and Jack Pla, who had once worked at the Savoy—agreed to come in with him.

They rented a small cafe behind Charing Cross Hospital, decorated it themselves, and opened up for business. The first night, they served 1,000 eggs a week, serve 400 people a day, and are open from 10.30 a.m. until midnight.

Says Susan Dennis, a dark-haired, pretty girl with a sharp business brain: "We learned by mistakes. We ordered the wrong things or not enough. The point was—we learned."

They learned also to do for their new discovery. The secret of the new law was that the workers were to be paid more money.

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They added salads and omelettes to the menu, and now they use 1,000 eggs a week, serve 400 people a day, and are open from 10.30 a.m. until midnight.

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POCKET CARTOON
By OSBERT LANCASTER

There you are—absolutely unique! The only Roman who's not involved in the Montesi case!

THE SON of the MAN CALLED MOSES

★ He was too eager, too slapdash, but he wrote a book which represents one lasting strand in the Jewish temperament

THE KING OF SCHNORRERS. By Israel Zangwill. Pp. 12s. 6d. 156 pages.

THE brightest pupil at the Jews' Free School in Spitalfields looked round at his own people, seemingly abject, sunk in squalor, yet hugging to their bosoms an immense pride

and an ancient tradition. They were the children of the ghettos of the East, whose fathers had fled westwards one jump ahead of the Cossacks. Young Israel Zangwill was one of them.

His father, Moses, had escaped from Russia in 1848 when the Tsar began a conscription of Jewish children. Moses was now a poor street trader six days in the week and a devout scripture reader in the synagogue on Saturday.

Israel, his son (born 1864, "a pure Cockney"), was a brilliant youth, witty, clever with his pen, carrying off all the prizes, attracting the notice of wealthier members of the community. "I will pay for the boy at Eton and Oxford," one of them offered.

But Israel would be dependent on no individual. After winning triple honours at London University, he became first a teacher in Whitechapel and then a journalist with a fame spreading among the scattered colonies of Jewry.

One day the Jewish Publication Society of Philadelphia sent him a commission to write a Jewish novel. Without delay Israel sat down and turned out *The Children of the Ghetto*. Few novels written to order have enjoyed so immediate or so huge a success.

It is hastily written, sentimental, with only the thinnest thread of narrative connecting its anecdotes. But it hit the

fancy of a time when the old religious pattern of Jewish life was breaking up and a new nationalist political spirit was awake.

Before Moses Zangwill plausibly departed to spend the last years of his life in Palestine and to die in Jerusalem, he knew that his son, Israel, although no longer attached to Jewish dogma, was a leader among his people—for Israel had become lieutenant to Theodor Herzl, founder of Zionism.

Impudence

Zangwill went on for some years pouring out novels, which were read by Gentiles as well as Jews. "The Melting Pot," a study of Jewish emigration into the United States, made a sensation when it was published, but its reputation, like that of the others, has been short-lived. Zangwill was too eager, too slapdash, too little of an artist, too much of a publicist.

Having out-lived most of his literary fame, Zangwill died in 1920, leaving £4,000 to each of his three children and the resi-

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

due up to £1,000 to the Zionist Organisation. But, when his fortune was added up, it was found to total only £2,287. At his funeral, the rabbi declared: "Blame thou wert to flame, thou hast returned." In truth, the creative flame in Israel Zangwill had long since burned low.

Novel to order

The King of Schnorrers, now reissued, displays his talent in its wit, sentiment and crudity. Its central figure, "the King," is a Portuguese-Jewish beggar (schmorrer) of aristocratic presence and boundless impudence who lives by preying on his co-religionists in 18th-century London. The comic epic of this rogue reaches its climax when his daughter's hand is

sought by another mendicant, a Polish Jew and therefore of vastly inferior social standing.

Manoeuvred into agreeing to the union, the "King" is summoned before the council of his synagogue to explain how he came to permit this breach of the communal taboo. Not only does he enjoy a dialectical triumph over the council but he also enriches the synagogue funds with £100 "beggared" from his wealthier members.

The King of Schnorrers, espousing the cause of humorous effrontery against the pompous and the respectable, represents one lasting strand in the Jewish temperament. It may not be good art, it is sound folk lore.

★ THE ROYAL BOX. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d. 317 pages.

IF it were not almost less majestic to say so of one whose every page breathes dignity, refinement and gracious living, Mrs Parkinson Keyes has written another whodunnit. For that is what it really amounts to, this expert, glossy tale of diplomatic and smart-hotel society in London—a murder story.

After a visit to the royal box in the Terry Theatre, Mr Baldwin, newly appointed American Ambassador to the old-ridden Middle East state of Aristan, is found dead in a car outside the Savoy Hotel.

Every member of the party with whom he spent the evening is of good social status, yet almost every one of them seems to have some motive for wishing to rid the world of Cusick.

Ancient grudges

That goes for Castle's new wife, his ex-mistress, her husband, the lady who rejected him in youth, the Aristanian Ambassador to the Court of St James's and half a dozen others. Nice, nice people but one of them slipped the cyanide pill into the new Ambassador's drink.

Deeper and deeper into the maze of ancient grudges and old dislikes Mrs Keyes conducts her clients. In the end, it all turns out to be a little simpler than we had reason to expect. But in the presence of an author who so unmistakably conveys the influence of a social superiority, who would have the ill-breeding to complain of a let-down?

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

THE OLD Two British Masters have demonstrated this week that American tunesmiths Cole Porter, Richard Rogers and Irving Berlin are not the undisputed kings of London's theatreland.

Their names, W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan.

As the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company launched a freshly-costumed and backgowned new season of G and S operas, the Savoy Theatre's box-office staff worked overtime.

In no time at all every one of the season's performances were booked up, and hundreds of disappointed fans had to be told they would have to take their chance in the gallery queues.

The BPC turned over one of the week's best listening "spots" to an extract from "Princess Ida."

The old masters were still tops. Theatre managers saw that the big, bright American musicals were just a very good second best. In the meantime, the acclaim of sophisticated London theatre-goers was proving that half-a-century had not dimmed the efforts of that curiously-assorted brace of geniuses.

BOOKWORMS If reading tastes reflect a nation's character, Britain is becoming a nation of avid readers.

Drivellers and more than a little shallow. Britons, it appears, are turning their backs on the heavier tomes and demanding the lightest and latest, hot from the publishers. The bookish members of England's Library Association shook their heads over these symptoms when they convened last week at Hastings. The middle-class London borough had to report to his colleagues that there was a marked drift away from "the basic and standard."

What the present generations wanted was an increasing supply of new books—and best-sellers, at that.

Nor did it seem that things were going to get any better. For Librarian J. D. Reynolds, of Finchley, bemoaned a "frightening lack of interest and moral purpose among the young people whose childhood was marked and disorganised by the war."

The answer, the bookmen agreed, was to provide popular introductions to fields of

general interest, travel, biography, romances and "good books" on the acquisition of everyday domestic skills.

£60 FOR A man who started a LABEL collecting match-box labels in 1897 now has 60,000 from all over the world and he values them at £2,000.

Mr James Long of Caledonian Road, Brighton, has rooms stacked high with albums, and among them is one of the first match-box labels in the world. The matches it advertised were sold by John Walker, a chemist of Stockton-on-Tees, in 1827. He made the first dependable safety matches and sold them at 100 for 1s. in small round tin containers.

Later when he put his matches in boxes the labels on them were similar to medicine bottle labels. There are believed to be not more than three now in existence. Mr Long recently refused £80 for his specimen. His largest label is a Chinese one as big as a postcard.

SOLDIERS' The temple of Mithras discovered in the City of London may not be the first found in England, as a stone showing the god slaying a bull was dug up in Macclesfield, York, in 1747. Little was known of archaeology then but experts now believe the carving must have come from a temple.

The cult of Mithras was a soldier's religion, and York was garrisoned by the Romans, as also was London. Mithras, originally the Persian god of light, represented goodness and gave promise of compensation in a future life for hardships on earth. The initiation ceremony included the sacrifice of a bull and bathing in the blood of the animal.

CHURCH BELLS An 18th-century game of cards between the rectors of Hambleton and Fingest villages, near Henley-on-Thames, ended in the gambling away of the church bells of Fingest. After losing his money and then his furniture the unlucky rector also had to hand over the bells.

The winner had them melted down and made into one treble bell for his own church, St. Mary's of Hambleton. Then he accused the foundry master of stealing some of the metal and obtained from him another bell weighing 51 lbs. This later dis-

appeared had this only now, after 101 years, been found again when the present rector appealed for scrap iron.

It was discovered, inside a clock at Greenlands, a Thames-side mansion, until recently owned by Viscount Hambleden.

POOR New York is the ROMEO worst place in the world for a man to fall in love. It is not only devilish on his pocket, but there is hardly anywhere the poor fellow can go for privacy.

Take Central Park. If he is lucky enough to find a quiet romantic spot, a cop is liable to come along and give him a summons for walking on the grass. Or he may be hit on the head by a "mugger." The park is infested by thugs, even in the daytime.

Or he may own a car. It will take him hours to drive out of town and find a lover's place of parking restrictions. By that time one of two things has happened—the girl is crying she's hungry or she simply must get home by midnight.

Desperate, the chap may get engaged in the belief that this will ensure some privacy. Not at all. Going off on holidays together, even with parental approval, is "not done" in the States.

His only solution—but an expensive one—is to marry the girl.

STORM IN The new official FRENCH French manual just published by the French Government has started something of a storm. It boils down French to a vocabulary of 1,138 words—a result which it took 53 Commissioners, professors, inspectors, experts and a whole study centre to arrive at.

After months of work they found they had left out words like night, day, while, black, grocer, bus, eye, nose. Now teachers are asking why they have kept in the word snake and left out ant, why they've included target and not target, but not doct, our but not garage, and a lot of others. Also, they complain, the words joy, charity and happiness are omitted from the new vocabulary. One expert has furiously retorted that 1,138 words are a simple plenty of Frenchmen nowadays need a dictionary to be able to read. French poetry of less than a century back!

SMILES TO A "Smile More" campaign has been launched in Spain's Mediterranean coastal province of Murcia. The campaign, with its headquarters in the town of Yecla, has been organised by a group of Spaniards who believe that—even if you yourself are unhappy—a smile on your face may bring happiness to others.

"Always smile" urge the organisers. "Smile at your friends and even your enemies. Smile at children and the old folks. Infect everyone with the joy of living. A smile costs little effort, almost no time—and no money."

Spaniards, not normally "a smiling people," are wondering what it is all about—and looking more worried than ever.

BARBS BY HAL COCHRAN

THE world gets faster! In a lot of magazine pictures the girls didn't even have time to dress.

People getting in on the ground floor often find out that there's no elevator.

A wise man disagrees with his wife, but only a fool lets her find it out.

Some musical comedy shows would fare better if the curtain was raised only about four feet.

Some men find obscurity naturally and others become husbands of well-known women.

Two Florida girls were arrested for going in bathing in their undies. Down to the sea in slips.

Sometimes, if a pessimist will look in a mirror he can see why he is one.

A novelist says that while most of his time is spent in his study, he sometimes goes to the beach.

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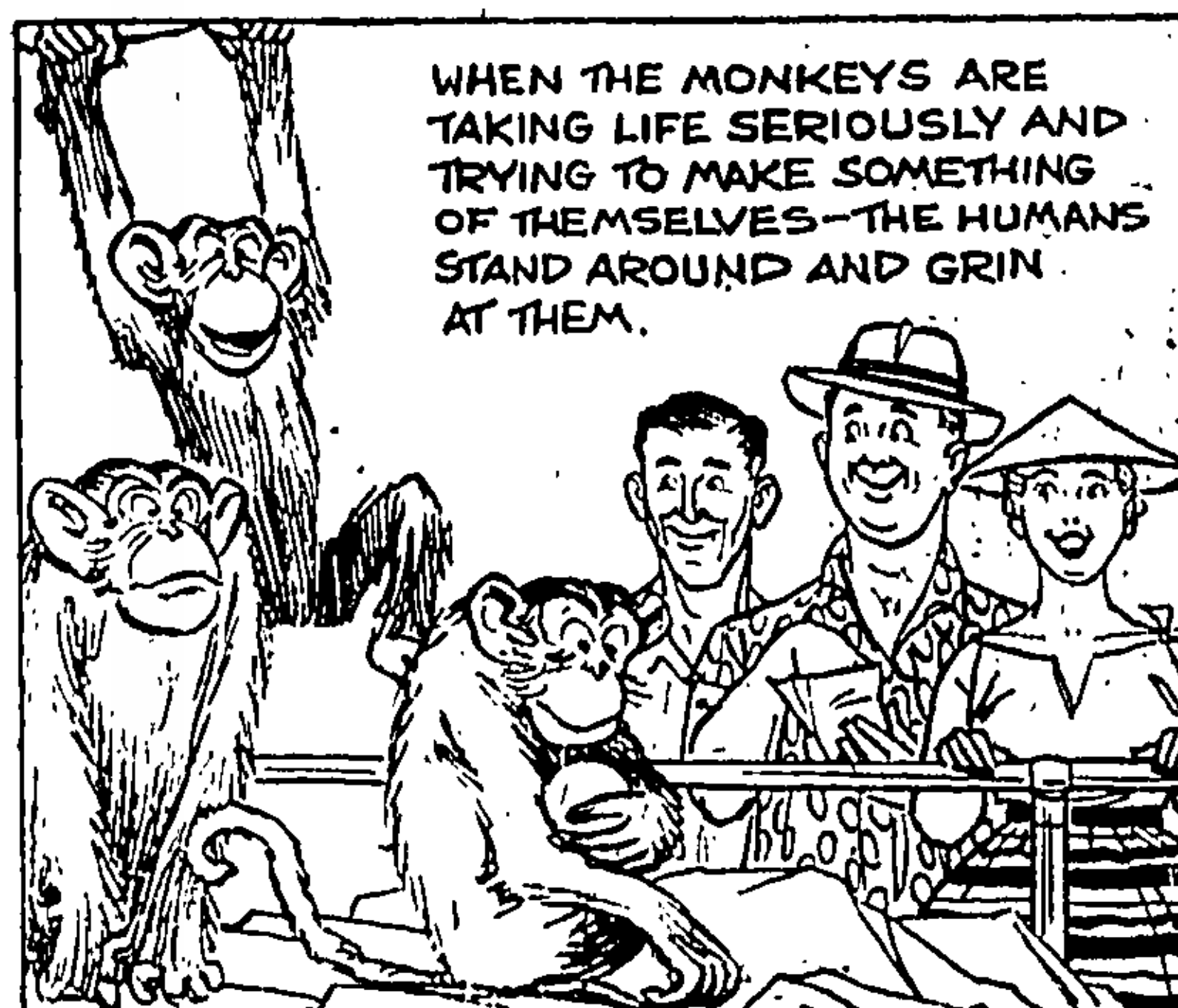
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VIGNETTES OF LIFE

What Makes Wild Animals Wild

BY HARRY WEINERT





Soft and smooth, distinctive in flavour and of excellent fragrance: these qualities can be savoured by those who demand the best, and know that this is obtainable when the call is.....

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Scotch Whisky

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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

SECOND RACE MEETING

Saturday, 23rd October, 1954.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)
THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES
The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2 p.m.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.
Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.
Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).
NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate.
Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.
MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through of their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

The cost of a Through Cash Sweep Ticket is \$20.
Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.
Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.
Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.
The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bears the appropriate number in issued to and can be produced by the holder.
The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.
Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Aguiar Street and 382, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11 a.m. on that day.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 22nd January, 1955, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.
ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.
PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.
Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



LEAGUE CRICKET

If Teams Are Satisfied With Drawn Matches, The Rut Sets In

Says "OWZAT"

Is local League-Cricket slipping back into that rut of disinterestedness and of disappointing and agonising drawn matches? Indications are, even at this early stage with the League in its third week, that it will if greater enthusiasm and interest are not forthcoming.

The standard of cricket seen in the last two weeks, though a little on the downgrade, remained fairly high and though the maintenance of a good standard is important, there are other factors which play an important part towards boosting up interest in a sport which still needs promoting in Hong Kong. With the captain of each team lies the responsibility not only for seeing that bright and enterprising cricket is being served up by his team, but also for seeing that the scores of his match are reported in the press.

It is well to say that a sportsman plays any game for the game's sake, but when it comes to reality one of the many good reasons why softball and baseball are attracting more of the younger crowd is the lavish publicity these games receive and the good crowd present at each match.

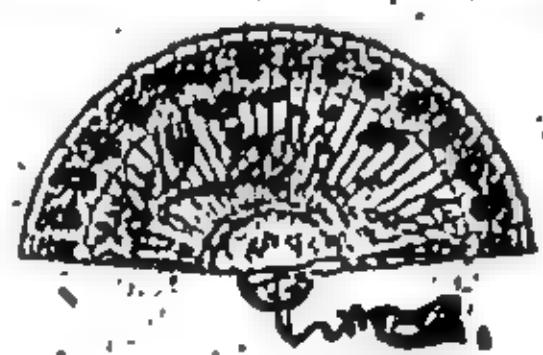
Softball and baseball are much easier to cover from the sportsman's point of view as all the games are concentrated in one venue, but cricket reporting too, could be made as interesting and encouraging if team captains would co-operate by making sure that their match results reach the press with appropriate comment on any exceptional or noteworthy performances of the afternoon.

Two Second Division matches scheduled to be played last Sunday still remain unreported and it is hoped that much more enthusiasm will be shown in this respect with regard to this week-end's matches.

So far the pre-season favourites have acquitted themselves well up to expectation. Both Scorpions and RAF have scored their second successive wins of the season in the First Division and so did Police.

The custodians of the law did not have too strong opposition from the Navy XI last Saturday, but their two successive victories are especially praiseworthy considering that they are the "babes" of the First Division League.

FANS



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SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

CLUB OFFICIALS SHOULD DISCOURAGE ROUGH TACTICS BY THEIR TEAM

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

A few weeks ago the football world was shaken by the news that Willie Woodburn, the famous centre-half of Glasgow Rangers and Scotland, had been suspended sine die by the appropriate committee of the Scottish Football Association.

Woodburn, surely one of the best six centre-halves in the game today, was found guilty of offences on the field of play, and neither his fame nor the fact that Scotland badly needed his assistance could save him from the heavy penalty.

Rough and dirty play is to be deprecated. It is an infectious trait that can spread quickly to epidemic proportions if strict and prompt action is not taken to stamp it out.

This punitive action must be as ruthless as the tactics of the individual offenders and, if the

game is to continue to flourish here in Hong Kong, this matter must be given immediate and diligent consideration. Since the start of the season there have been many acts of unacceptable conduct on the field. Some of these have resulted in strong competent officials taking prompt and justified action.

Already there is a long list of players who have received marching orders, and there are others who have had cautions registered against their names... but far far too many instances have been allowed to pass unpunished by the officials involved.

This week's reports indicate that rough play marked the all-Chinese meeting of Kwong Wah and Eastern at the Club Stadium and I was witness to several intolerable incidents in the RAF-KMB match at Caroline Hill.

I am the last person to want to see players wrapped in cottonwool. I have always believed that the game should be played hard and fast but within the spirit of the rules.

These rules were framed to permit the footballer to play football; they are not meant to assist the unscrupulous individual in making that im-

provement of his efforts to improve our football will quickly appreciate that this is just one more example of his willingness to do what he can for the game. He has already served so well.

COMING GAMES
Once again there is a very full programme of games set for the incoming week. The fans will find at least three games that promise the kind of football entertainment that pulls the crowds. The full list of games is as follows:-

KMB vs. Sing Tao at Caroline Hill, 5 p.m.
St. Joseph's vs. Eastern at Causeway Bay, 5 p.m.
Club vs. RAF at Sookunpo, 5 p.m.

Tomorrow
Kitchee vs. CAA at Caroline Hill, 5 p.m.
Army vs. South China at Club Stadium, 5 p.m.
Police vs. Navy at Boundary Street, 5 p.m.

Tuesday
Eastern vs. Kitchee at Caroline Hill, 5.30 p.m.
Sing Tao vs. Club at Club Stadium, 5.30 p.m.

Wednesday
CAA vs. KMB at Caroline Hill, 5.30 p.m.
RAF vs. Police at Boundary Street, 5.30 p.m.
Navy vs. Army at Causeway Bay, 5.30 p.m.

Thursday
Kwong Wah vs. St. Joseph's at Club Stadium, 5.30 p.m.
The outstanding games on the programme are the meeting of Club and KMB and Sing Tao vs. Club. Tomorrow, the Army-South China clash at the Club, and the Eastern-Kitchee game at Caroline Hill on Tuesday.

KMB were not in impressive form when they played the RAF on Wednesday and they were a shade fortunate to keep both points.

It was obvious from this game that the Blues do not polish the hard and fast tactics, and they may find that these are the very tactics which the young and foot-footed Tigers will employ.

However, this game could well be won on the KMB's left wing where Mok Chiu-wah's speed may be too much for slow-moving Hau Yung-sung. If Szeo Man has recovered from the knock-out, physical and mental, that he received on Wednesday, his direct forcefulness should see the Bluesmen through to victory.

CONFIDENT MOOD
South China will enter their game with the Army in a confident mood. In their last outing they overran the Club who had a "low day" earlier defeated the soldiers. But that was a bit of a fluke and it may be that no more than a single goal will separate the sides at the end, with the odds being in favour of the Caroline Hill boys.

Kitchee are finding difficulty in recapturing last season's form and their showing against the depleted RAF side was not at all encouraging. A lot of the old bite has gone from the attack and they will find it hard going against the resolute Eastern side. This could well end in a draw, but Kitchee are still Kitchee.

Of the other games the Club-RAF clash at Sookunpo this afternoon promises to be the most entertaining. Both sides play hard, open football and the players can risk themselves of their current injury list; they may reap some of the rewards of their recent good showings against Kitchee and KMB.

This will greatly certainly be an attractive and close game with the Club's superiorities against the RAF's but a few goals may be scored. The RAF's defence is not as strong as it was last season and the Club's attack is not as weak as it was.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
Navy vs. Recreation, Optimists vs. CCC, Army North vs. Army South, RAF vs. Scorpions, KCC vs. Police.

Second Division
University vs. IRC "B", Recreation vs. Navy, DBS vs. Dockyard, KGVs vs. Army, IRC "A" vs. RAF.

TOMORROW
Second Division
Police vs. KCC.



WEEK-END SOFTBALL

U.S. Navy Play Braves In Tomorrow's Match Of The Week

The highlight of this week-end in the Softball League will be the strong U.S. Navy contingent battling the hard-hitting Braves in the Senior "A" League. Warriors are making their debut of this season with the young Delawares who showed good defensive form last week against the Pandas.

The U.S. Navy is now represented by the USS Waldon and although they lost to the Saints in their first game, they showed good fielding work. Pitcher Farrett has a steady arm and both catchers Weekley and Talpachoff are quite safe behind the plate.

They did not hit so well against last hurler Vic Pedruco. With Jack Brown of the Braves, who seems to have lost former speed when pitching for the Jaguars, the sailors may produce a different story.

Braves, with almost the same squad as last year, minus Spiky and Doc Gutierrez and Roberto Nunez, show no weakening in batting power as they have Tony Osumi back into their line-up and also take in Frankie Loureiro and Antonio Gutierrez, all of them good hitters.

They were unlucky to lose their first game against the CAA. But they still have plenty chances to regain their leadership. Chief Carvalho predicts victory but expects hot opposition.

Warriors, who have lost several key players, find themselves weakened a bit. Their battery consists of "Googie" Marques and George Roberts. Their infielders are fair and their outfielders are a shade better. Manager Alfredo Oliveira has had a hard time gathering together a team.

Delawares have been fighting their way up since 1949. Now they find themselves facing the best teams in the Colony. They have lost the "big" slugger, Tony Rodriguez, and Frankie Loureiro and seem to lack hitting quality. However, the whole team is good in defence and no doubt will give the Warriors a battle.

MISTAKEN IMPRESSIONS
The U.S. Navy and the Asian Confederation have been much discussed in local football circles during the last week or two.

There are many mistaken impressions about financial commitments in connection with the Asian body and I feel it is right to point out that the subscriptions due to the AFC are in fact taken out of the money which would normally be paid to FIFA and thus the Asian body is not an additional expenditure.

It has also been suggested that officials like Mr. Jack Skinner for example, do well out of it as they get free trips all over the world in their capacity as delegates.

The picture is as distorted as it is untrue... and certainly Mr. Skinner's forthcoming trip to Europe will not cost the Hong Kong Football Association a single cent.

I took the trouble to check on this matter and I have Mr. Skinner's permission to explain it fully. The cost of the return trip to Europe will be borne by FIFA funds but in order to make the trip Mr. Skinner had to make unpaid leave from work and, of course, he will have to meet many incidental expenses that will not be covered by FIFA.

I make it clear that Jack Skinner did not give up the "fact" with any air of self-interest and those who have

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FOOTBALL SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED ON THE BEACH

I DON'T MIND A BIT OF CRICKET

No Ball game

This is the last of the series of three articles in which England's chances to regain the Ashes are analysed by STAN McCABE, the former Australian Test batsman, who says:

IT WILL BE AN EXCITING TEST SERIES, BUT AUSTRALIA SHOULD WIN

English cricket commentators seem unanimous that the players chosen to represent England on the Australian tour are a moderate to weak lot in the field. According to these commentators, the clean pick up, the accurate return, the flashing catches in the slips and the spectacular saves on the boundary that are such a delight to cricket spectators cannot be anticipated from most members of the touring side.

I feel there must be exceptions to this criticism, as I can recall some really spectacular catches of recent seasons that have won the admiration of the crowd. Godfrey Evans, in particular, has won universal acclaim in this department of the game.

Any team that Australia chooses for the Tests will contain fielders of superior merit—Graham Hale or Ritchie Bennett, for example—and others who, if superlatives cannot be applied to them, are certainly smart and competent.

On balance, therefore, the fielding advantage seems to go strongly in favour of Australia; although it is my belief that the tense atmosphere of Test cricket will be such that England's team will do much to confound the critics, when the time comes, and I certainly hope this proves to be the case, for clean, crisp, clever fielding imparts a sparkle to the game, keeps batsmen on the alert and provides true enjoyment for spectators.

With several newcomers to batting in a Test atmosphere among the touring side, England's batting strength is partially untested, but it looks formidable.

One player we are anxious to see in action is the lately-chosen Vic. Wilson, the burly giant from Yorkshire. He is said to be a fearless and aggressive left-hander. Given the chance to quickly acclimatise himself to Australian conditions, he should be a valuable addition to England's batting strength.

HARD TO SHIFT

Len Hutton, one of the world's really outstanding batsmen, is going to be hard to shift. Seized with the weight of his responsibility, fireworks are not expected of him.

His will be the task of providing the confidence and the steady influence that will lighten other batsmen, if early wickets fall while he is playing in the safe, sure and patient manner that has characterized his performances since authority and responsibility were thrust upon him.

Other batsmen on the English side who are more likely to play safe than go for the runs are Bailey, Compton (if fit), Edrich and Cowdrey. The latter has the capacity to score rapidly, but will hesitate to exercise it, unless he enjoys spectacular success early in the tour and acquires confidence on that account.

Peter May, Simpson and Graveney, supported by Vic Wilson are the batsmen most likely to assume the offensive and their progress will be watched keenly—May for his graceful batting and charming personality; Graveney because of his reputation for lively drives in front of the wicket; Simpson for his grace and daring; and Wilson for his aggression.

Lindsay Hassett is going to be sorely missed from the Australian side. His mantle of stability will fall upon the shoulders of Arthur Morris, who is expected to play the safe, straight bat and set an example to his opening partner and following batsmen.

Another safe batsman—and a really solid one—is Macdonald, as also is Ken Mackay, if chosen for Test honours.

Briggs, too, has shown himself to be a safe, consistent scorer. He gives the impression of being a youngster who could, and would, flash out, if sure of his Test position; but has been fighting hard to win a place in the Test side and has played safe on that account.

Miller, too, can play a stubborn bat, if the occasion demands it; but it is against his natural style. He would sooner be out showing the flashing blade that has won him so many admirers.

Good batsmen, who can be restrained under orders, but whose natural instinct is to go for the runs, include Gipeke Hale, Ritchie Bennett, Neil Harvey and his brother Ray, Jim de Courcy, Les Fowell and some up-and-coming youngsters who may yet fight their way into a Test side this season, if things don't go too well for any of the established batsmen.

It is from some of these players that spectators will anticipate sparkling and aggressive batsmanship. They may not be so "safe" as some of the old-timers, but they add zest to the game and are appreciated on that account.

EQUALLY AS STRONG

My own opinion is that England's batting side is a staunch and strong one. I judge it to be equally as strong as any Australia can put into the field.

Another important factor to consider in trying to assess the probable outcome of the Tests is the number of all-rounders available for inclusion when sides are finally chosen.

It is in this department that, in my opinion, Australia has a distinct advantage. Australia can, and no doubt will, put a team into the field that has virtually no "null" to wag.

If Hill finds his way into the team and Johnston also is included, then Australia's batting strength extends right down to Number Nine, for Hill and Johnston are the only possibilities on the Australian side who have no claim to possessing batting ability.

All the other likely players possess considerable batting skill—even those who may be chosen primarily for their bowling prowess.

From the list of English players selected for the tour, on the other hand, I find myself unable to choose any combination of eleven players that will ensure adequate bowling strength, yet include batting ability below Numbers Seven or Eight on the list. I think, therefore, that in this department Australia has a marked advantage.

As a general summary of my thoughts on which side is going to win the Tests, my conclusion is that England has a slight edge in the matter of leadership; that the batting strength of both sides seems equal; that fielding favours Australia; that Australia has a slight advantage in bowling because it can supply a more varied attack; that Australia has a clear advantage in the matter of absence of "null," while England has the psychological advantage in that she has the "Ashes."

All things considered, I am confident we're going to see some mighty interesting cricket. We're going to welcome some most entertaining recruits, as well as some always-welcome old-timers. The play is going to be by two sides between which there is not a great deal to choose; but my final conclusion is that Australia does have a slight margin in its favour and will regain the "Ashes" on that account.

PGA Broke Their Own Rules To Placate Belgian

An incident during the closing stages of the British Masters Professional Golf Tournament could have far reaching repercussions and the last may not have been heard of the matter.

It concerned the threat of the Belgian star player, Flori Van Donck, to withdraw because his partner, Maestro Henry Cotton, was "too slow."

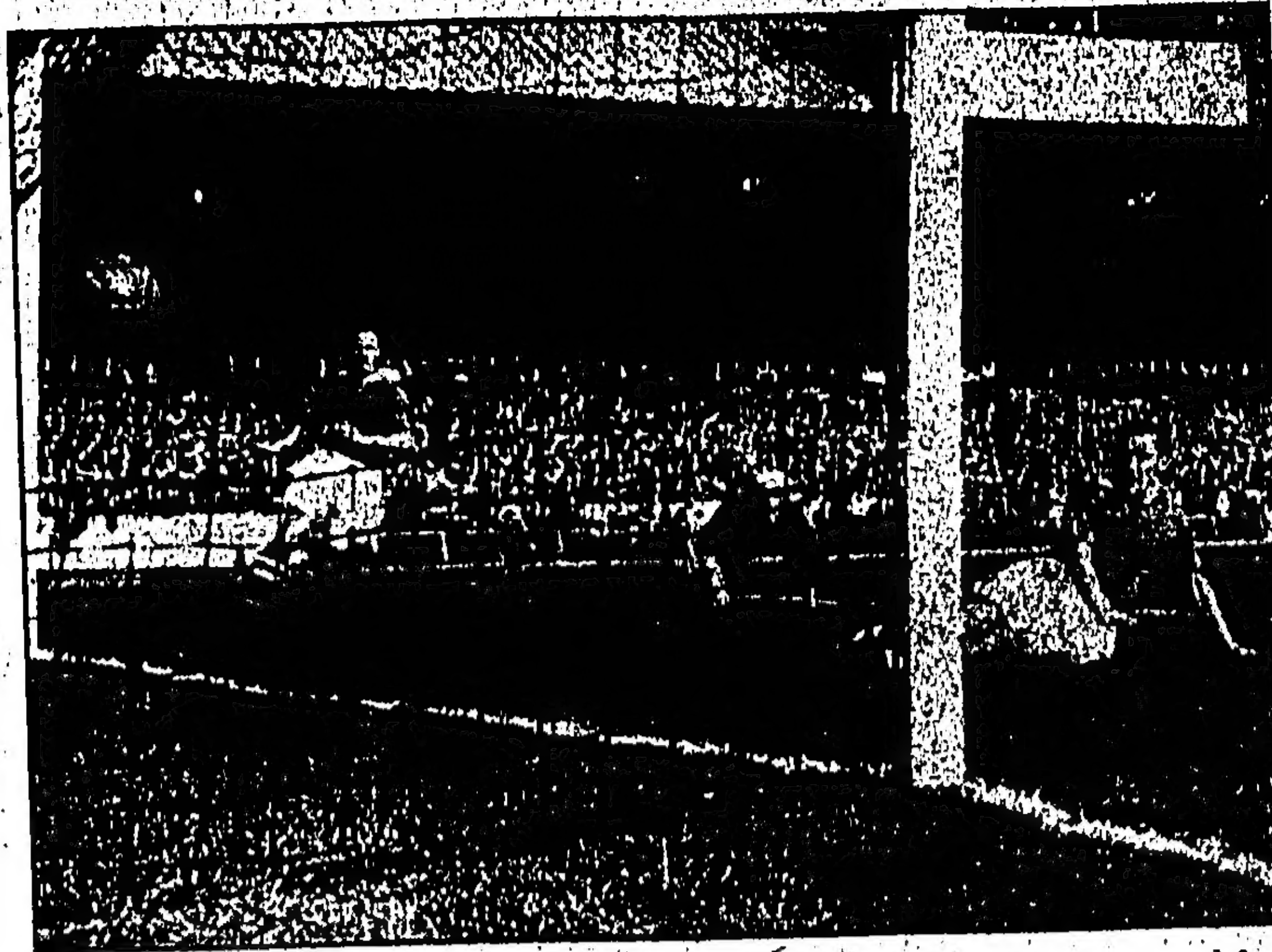
To prevent such a happening, the Professional Golfers' Association officials broke their rules. In fact they did so twice, because in the final round, one couple was allowed to start their round in front of the couple who, on the official programme, were ahead of them.

Rules for the tournament, as for all such events, stated clearly that competitors must start in the order and at the times specified; otherwise they are liable to disqualification. By allowing the two couples to reverse their starting times and also agreeing to Van Donck changing his partner, the PGA officials definitely broke their own rules.

The general consensus of opinion is that Van Donck was not within his rights in making his threat and the PGA should have been firm enough to tell him so and let him either carry it out or take the consequences.

NOT THAT SLOW In fairness to Cotton he was not all that slow. He and Van Donck, perhaps a quicker player than some, took about three hours for their round on a long course, where wind conditions helped to lengthen the time taken for playing shots.

CHELSEA v. WEST BROMWICH ALBION



Roy Bentley (right) the Chelsea centre-forward, scores the first goal for his team against West Bromwich Albion at Stamford Bridge. The match ended in a three-all draw.

New Rugger Season Starts Today

By "PAK LO"

This afternoon at long last brings the opening of the rugger season with two friendly games on the Club ground at Happy Valley.

The first game, which will kick off at 3 p.m. is between the Army and the Police. This will be followed by the Navy versus the Club at 4.30 p.m. Both games produce a bit of a poser in picking out the respective winners, as most of the teams have been greatly changed from last season, although I am inclined to favour the Army in the first one.

Although they have made many changes in their team, the Army have managed to retain a nucleus of their seasoned players from last year, to wit, Eve, Bell, Brentford, Bowring and Kirkbrison; whilst Thomas, who has been out of the game for over a year due to a shoulder injury, returns to his place in the team.

On paper this appears to be a well balanced side, and according to reports it has been training very hard and is extremely fit.

With Eve as hooker it is only to be expected that the Army will get the lion's share of the ball from the scrum, and their threequarters should be capable of taking it across their opponents' line.

GOOD NEWS

Now for some good news for rugger fans. This year the Police are fielding one of the strongest sides they have had for a long time. They have managed to get in quite a lot of practice and combined training, lack of which was one of the causes of their downfall last year.

Some new faces will be present in this team. A new corner, Marsh has been playing recently in the Metropolitan Police "A" team in the U.K. and should be a definite acquisition to the Police line.

Slevin has also returned to the team, and is quite capable of battering his way through any half-hearted tackling, on the Army's part.

On the wing, the Police have MacMahon, the Colony 880 Yards runner, and their three should therefore have plenty of speed and dash.

The pack is heavy, fast and extremely keen, and though they will probably be unable to overcome the Army, the latter will have to go all out to keep the Police in their place.

In the second game the Navy claim to have one of the best sides ever fielded. As, however, the Navy makes this claim every

year at the start of the season too much reliance should not be placed on this statement.

Most of the players in the Navy team are newcomers though there are one or two old and tried players such as Annandale and Owen, and it should be very interesting to see how this team finally shapes up.

Though they will of course be changing a lot as usual due to ships sailing, they have managed to arrange the fixture list so that when they play the Army in the Pentagonal nearly all their ships will be in base.

The Club also have made a few changes in their line-up from last year, but they have a strong pack with plenty of go in them.

The three, however, are at present the main weakness in the Club side as they have not settled down as yet.

However they have Ingles on the one wing and Turville on the other, and these two are capable of outpacing the defenders and scoring.

The Club can usually be depended upon to pull something out of the bag, but because of the three weaknesses I am inclined to favour the Navy to win.

In the last game the two teams have agreed to field substitutes at half time if they wish to do so and, though this is not entirely in line with the Rugby Union laws, as this is a friendly game it should not matter, and will give the team selectors a chance to build up for the Pentagonal Tournament.

On the Happy Valley ground the Club "B" take on H.Q.E. but will, I fear, find few supporters with the main games so close at hand.

TEAMS

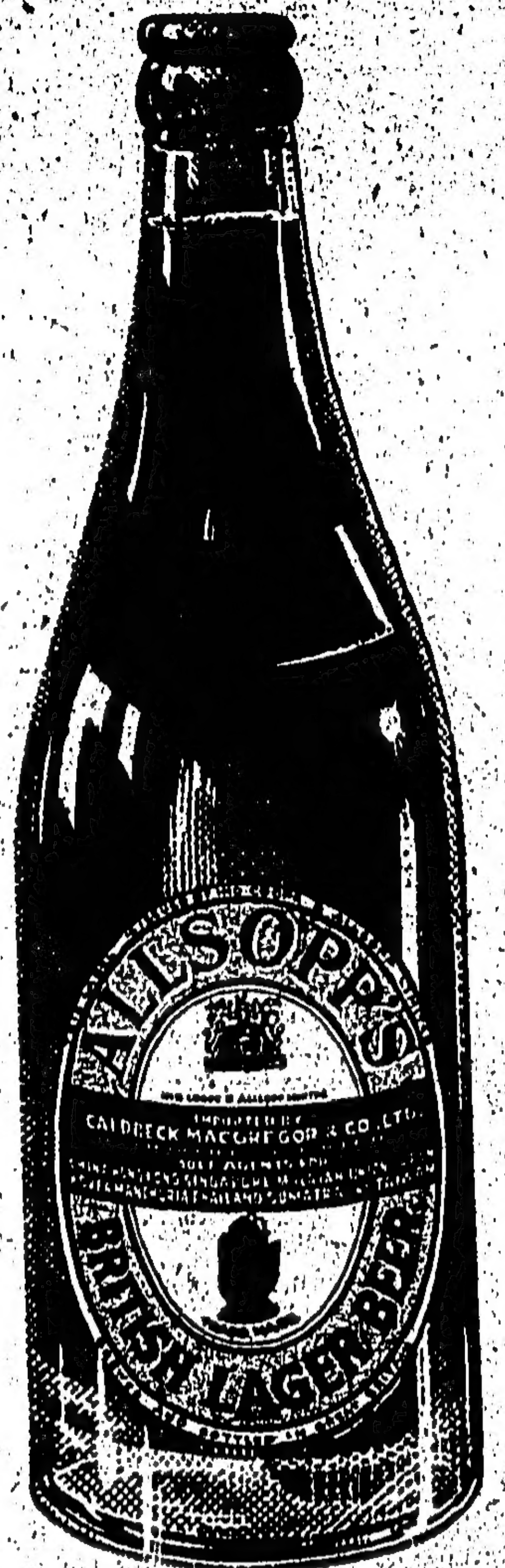
Army: Patterson, Ingall, Blincoe, Kirkbrison, Cain, Brentford, Parkinson, Bevin-Thomas, Eve, Bell, Anthony, Chisholm, Thomas, Banksin, Bowring.

Police: Brown, McIvor, Scott, Slevin, McMahon, Marsh, Elliott, Shalley, Dirken, Harris, Perry, Todd, Bryan, Carpenter, Dawson.

Navy: Haywood, Howitt, Seymour-East, Clode, Steward, Sudd, Heatley, Healey, Coates, Owen, Flavell, Annandale, Hata, Newman, Mitchell.

Club: Hixson, Ingles, Bromhall, Watson, Stone, Turville, Cole, Hargrove, V. Russell, Rogers, Slack, Farquharson, Stevens, Moffan, Peirce.

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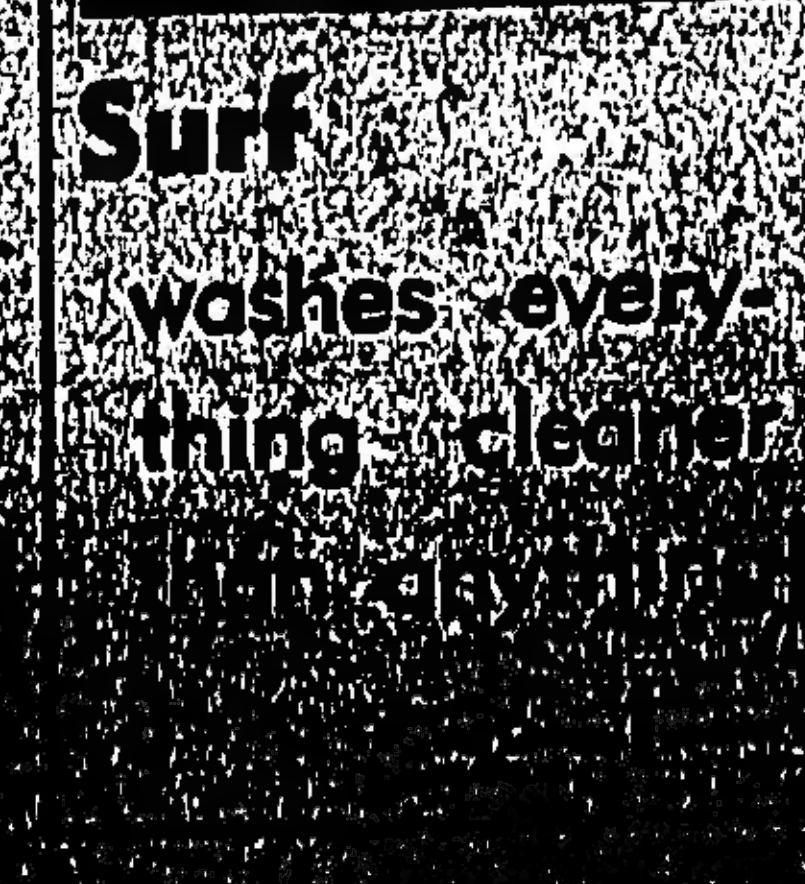
Time passes....
quality remains



FAVRE-LEUBA

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by BARRY APPLEBY



TIRED EYES
trouble

